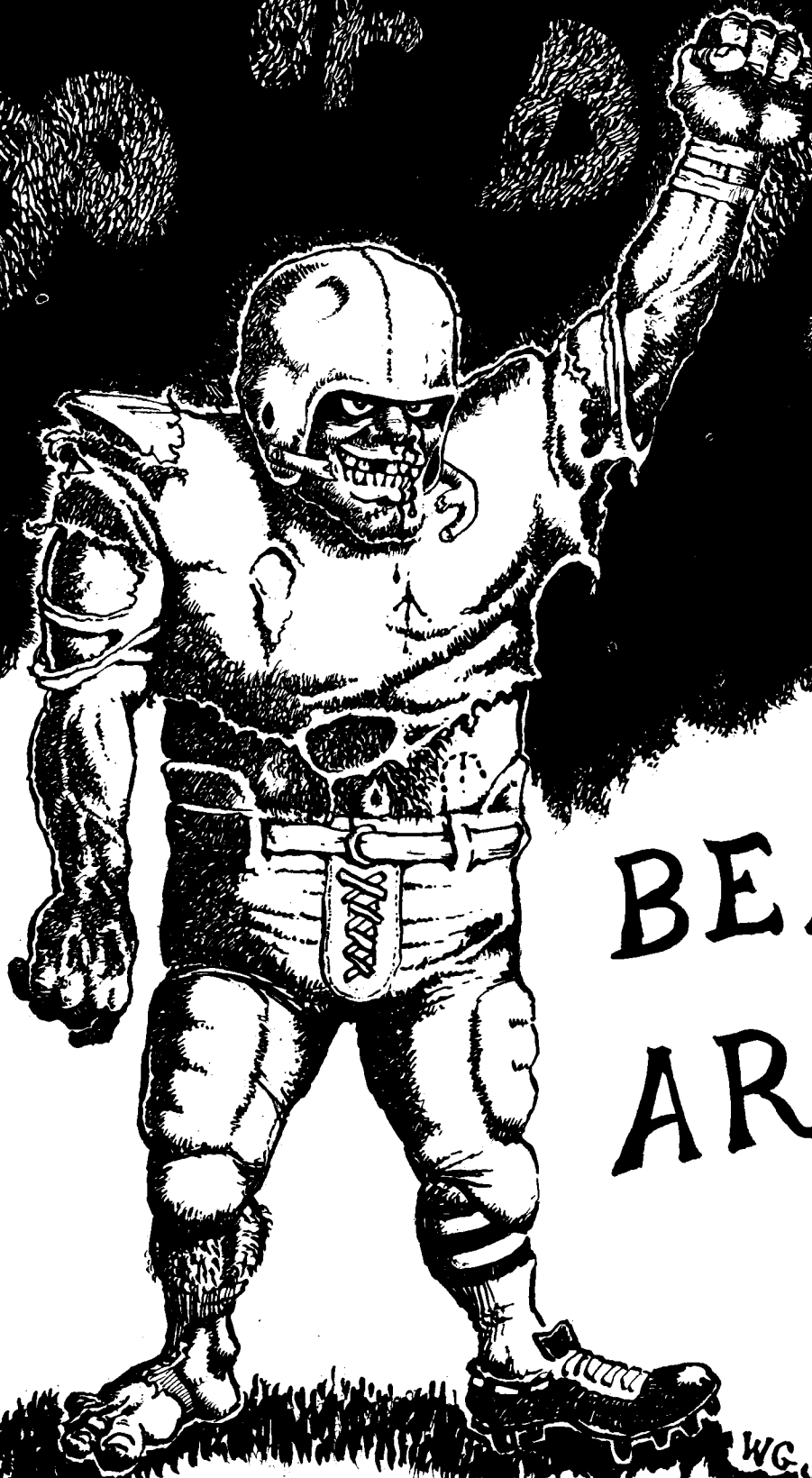


the LOG

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
VOL. 59 NO. 3 NOVEMBER 21, 1969 50¢

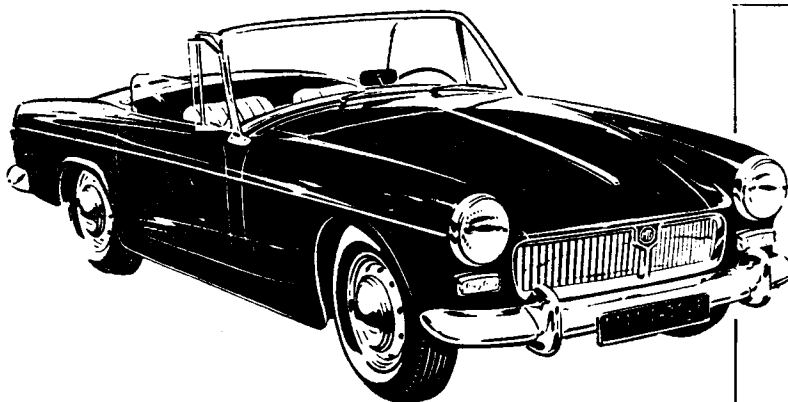


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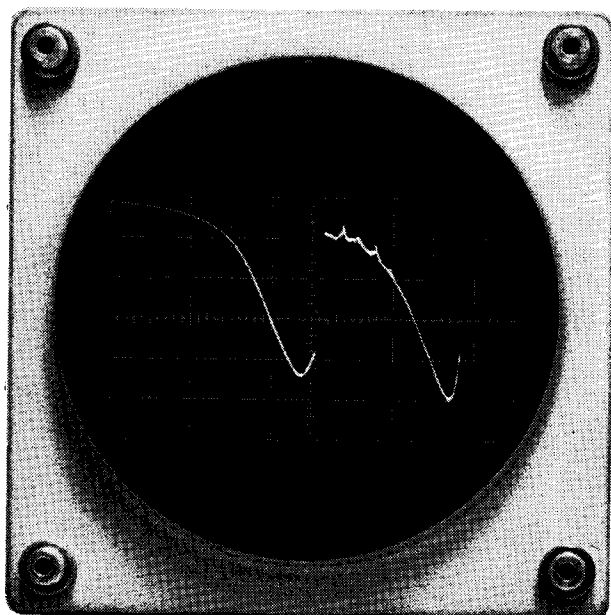
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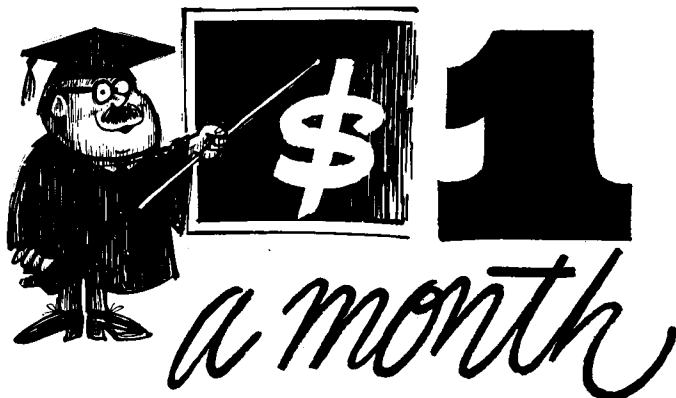
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THE COVER



COVER: A tired and depleted football team heads for Philadelphia and we hope the Brigade is with them.

The LOG is published semi-monthly during the academic year except once in November-December-January and February by the Brigade of Midshipment at 3110 Elm Avenue, Baltimore, Md. Second class postage paid at Baltimore, Md. The opinions expressed herein are those of the LOG Staff members and in no way express the opinions of the Navy, the Academy or our advertisers. Single copy 50¢, yearly subscription price \$5.00. Editorial Offices: The LOG, Bancroft Hall, U.S.N.A., Annapolis, Md. 21412.



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OFF THE CUFF

Reactions to my last editorial appear to be pretty well mixed and since this is cause enough to change the subject I'll try to present a few ideas that don't reflect on the system. It's rapidly approaching that time of year which we like best, i.e., long weekends (for the firsties at least, and at last) and leave and of course the annual battle with Army in Philadelphia. Our team seems almost certain to go up there as the underdog, again, and unfortunately there appears to be floating around a good deal of doubt as to whether our football team is any match for the Army team. Besides being quite unfair to our players this type of thought, especially when it comes out in print, damages the spirit of the Brigade and makes our chances in Philadelphia look even more bleak.

It's often been said that past seasonal performance has little to do with the outcome of the Army-Navy contest, but the prediction of who will win is based almost completely on season records, especially against common opponents. This may be the best method of deciding who should be favored, but it should be done keeping a careful eye on the calibre of opponents, the field of battle and the point during the season when the teams met.

Consider for a moment the nine opponents faced by Army and Navy this year. It appears that the Cadets toughest game was with Notre Dame, and they were decimated to the tune of 45-0. Now even though the Irish also blanked Navy by quite a similar score, they were not our best opponent. Both Penn State and Texas, undefeated and bowl contenders, rank higher than Notre Dame in every major poll. Army has played no teams of this quality.

The comparison of opponents should not stop here. Navy has faced teams such as Syracuse, with the number two defense in the Nation and Miami, who has lost two home games in the last three years. However, as Navy has battled with foes such as these, Army has been playing the likes of Vanderbilt, Utah State, New Mexico, Oregon and Texas A&M, truly formidable foes whose combined number of games won totals less than a dozen.

Thus it becomes quite obvious that the relative degree of ruggedness in the two schedules shows Army not even in the same league with our team. Coupled closely with this is the relative amount of support from partisan crowds which unquestionably favors Army. While Navy played some of the best teams in the Nation away from home, Army was managing to stay even with their foes while the Corps of Cadets attended seven of nine games. Although support from the crowd rarely determines the outcome of any contest, it certainly helps to some degree.

What it all adds up to is that although Army may be favored on Nov. 29th, the reason for this may be due to circumstances other than the quality of their team. In light of this then even most skeptics ought to give Navy the benefit of the doubt and an even or better chance to win against Army. I remain confident

that the team will give a commendable account of themselves in Philadelphia.

Even though the Big Blue team is going to finish this season far from a winning record, mention should be made to a couple of other football teams which often get very little of the mention they deserve. This year's Plebe team finished an unbeaten season this past Saturday against Bullis Prep to the tune of 28-0. Their powerful and well balanced offense led by quarterback Dillon has been matched all fall by a tenacious defense. It's been more than a pleasure to watch from my ringside seat on 8-4 as they have proceeded to demolish the likes of Syracuse and Maryland this season.

Equally as proficient on the gridiron has been the 150 team. Along with going undefeated they closed out this past Friday by whipping Army 28-14. Their inspired defense led by Dubia, Gutierrez, Howard and Toomey forced five interceptions and recovered a fumbled punt on the Army five yard line, which led to the final Navy score. Prior to this game the defense had allowed only nineteen points in four games. The offense was not to be outdone however, as Hormel kept his defenders confused all afternoon with brilliant ball handling and Wall scored two touchdowns. A miscue by one of the officials robbed the Blue of another score when Hormel after a beautiful fake linked up with Bozin, who found himself all alone behind the defense. The play was whistled dead and drew a sharp reaction from the highly partisan crowd, but the score still turned out quite favorable for Navy fans.

I feel that I should now make some mention of an incident which although distasteful should still be brought to light. The first of these concerns one of my classmates who was assaulted and cut up while on liberty in Annapolis. While most of us are aware of the resentful attitudes we often encounter while on liberty in this quaint and historic town, however, we are not accustomed to being viciously attacked while on our way to contribute to the economic gain which the town enjoys merely through the location of the Academy. Hopefully, this affair does not reflect on the majority of the population outside our walls but it is a disappointing situation when it is not safe for a midshipman to go on liberty alone.

I want to apologize to all those readers who missed Salty Sam in the last issue. Even though he remains invincible to the Executive Department, he does have certain obligations to the printer, and one of these is turning in his material before the magazine goes to press. Also, many members of the Brigade have complained that their parents and girls have not been getting copies of the magazine. The printer has assured me that the issues are being mailed so hopefully this problem will disappear shortly.

D. A. E.

The LOG

Sonny: "Pop, what's an optimist?"

Father: "An optimist is a man who thinks his wife has quit smoking cigarettes when he finds cigar stubs in the house."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear B. F. Dingle,

Hi!

I very much enjoyed your four stories in the first LOG.

My favorite stories were: "The Original Clutch," and "Was Your Cruise Like This?" I hope all guys don't have as much trouble asking a girl for a date as you did! Julia must have been really choice. "Was Your Cruise Like This" was truly funny. J. E. was something else and do please write a story about how he gets off his ship.

"Democracy in the Navy" was good, but poor Moondeale.

What can I say about "The Presidential Monopoly?" Just please don't let anyone kidnap the goat. That would be disastrous!

Thank you for writing your excellent stories and do please write many more.

Always,
Sue Jones

Dear Sirs:

Recently, my mid informed me that he had purchased a subscription to the LOG for me. It is with the deepest loss that I must inform you that I have not, as yet, received your tremendous magazine.

Here, in the thriving metropolis of Greenville, one is almost overcome by the many outlets for a person's interests. Also, one can always look to the educational processes of East Carolina for even greater mind expansion, but somehow, even these opportunities cannot console me without the LOG. Truly, you gentlemen must see my dilemma?

If for any reason you should like to contact the midshipman who so ardently purchased the subscription for me, his name is George Halvorson (1/C). He is in the 19th Company. If you find he has not paid for the subscription, kindly bill me. I should feel honored to pay for such an enlightening magazine. Also, I'll expect all back issues.

And if for any reason, you should have already sent me my copies of the LOG, upon discovering your error, kindly ignore this letter. Thank you.

Sincerely,
(Miss) Kathleen Evans

Dear Mr. Ellison:

After reading the October 3 issue of your magazine, I really must defend the honor of my school. Your poor, misguided sportswriter, Mr. Sisa, actually listed such schools as Indiana and Notre Dame in the Top Ten, and completely forgot Purdue! I realize that Mr. Sisa is only a youngster, and your note at the end of his article shows that midshipmen learn with age. I'd just like to point out the fact that we've already "cleared the Ara," and everyone knows we'll beat Indiana.

"High above the Jordan river,
blocking out the view,
Stands an old, deserted outhouse
known as old I.U."

Thank heavens not everyone at USNA agrees with Mr. Sisa!

Donna Rae Lindeman
Sincerely,

E. D.

I had thought that we made it clear to everyone that we made a mistake in our first top ten. However for the benefit of those who attend engineering schools I will attempt to clarify this issue even further. We intended to replace Indiana with Purdue but being pressed for time the change was overlooked. Actually both teams should have been overlooked, at that time. It's anyone's guess as to where they pulled out their victories (?) over Stanford and Iowa when they managed to be outgained by both teams. In between these two miracles they managed to come from behind to lose soundly to Michigan.

Now there really isn't anything wrong with having lost only two

games and Purdue certainly has some good football players, but there are better teams in the Big Ten.

I will also have to point out that "defending the honor of one's school" is no way to pick the top ten teams in the nation and it reminds me somewhat of the Play-boy method which appears to be a cross between loyalty and lottery. Should Purdue straggle through the remainder of their season unscathed to represent their conference in the Rose Bowl and win I'll publicly apologize to you.

To whom it may concern:

I wish to thank whomever was responsible in allowing room visitation Sunday, October 26th, 1969. Being a "sister" (or cousin, as the case may be) of a midshipman, I haven't been able to enjoy this privilege since Parent's Weekend, 1968.

Upon conclusion of chapel at 12:15, there was enough time to squeeze out the balcony steps, locate a certain member of the choir among the blue-uniformed crowd, and make a quick dash to the top floor of 6th wing Mother Bancroft before 12:45 formation. With the 5 minutes remaining, I was able to make a quick "inspection" of a particular bedroom and take a swift glance under the pillow to make sure someone was still sleeping with my F.I.T. frog.

The only regrettable event of the whole experience was the departure by way of the fifth battalion formation area. At this time I was unable to master an attempt to walk in a short skirt, carry a coat, and clutch (or rather, drag) a new yearbook successfully and move by a forming company unnoticed!?!

I would like to close with a suggestion for future visitations: Saturday night is a good time, without interference of formation. . .

Thank you,
B.K.

To the Editor:

In the previous LOG, an article was written, which I would like to discuss. Not necessarily the entire article, rather one interesting line and I quote: "While two of the upper classes remember a rather vigorous, physically demanding plebe year, the two under classes have come more under the idea of a non-physical, reserved, counseling type of relationship between the first class and the plebes." Unquote.

That article was written by D. A. Ellision. So I ask you, "Big Deal, so what?" As a Youngster, I do not resent your statement but question it. It seems like everytime the subject "plebe system" comes up, a comparison is made between the top 2 classes and the bottom 2. I would like to know if you think that physical harassment (and that's what plebe year was) makes a better officer out of an Academy graduate? If not, then why bring the topic up or better yet, why phrase it in that manner? Or if so how? Plebe year is bad all around. No question there. Times are changing and so is the Academy and the plebe system. You were harassed, unfortunately, but when you were plebes, the system wasn't thought of being revised. Now that you're firsties, you have that power, so necessary to do something about it. It's in your hands, no one else's. It's your baby, if it fails than the blame must be placed upon your class. Or don't you want to change the system. Are you the type who feels, "Why, hell I got run and by gosh so is he!" That type of leadership is termed negative and has no place in our Navy and especially here. You mentioned being or having a vigorous physical plebe year. I take it you mean, "being run." Answer me this: "Were ALL of your classmates and you run the entire year or were ALL the 2/c run the entire year?" Some were, granted, but the majority weren't. As a Youngster I remember being run up until 100th Nite, and so were many of my classmates. Sure we got secured but why blame us. We were plebes when it happened. You were the upperclass and had all say in the matter (or more than we did). In

closing, I would add, its guys who think the way that article was written, that's making the system fail. And I doubt if this letter will be printed because it says too much—and all of it true.

Midn Casey 3/c

I usually reserve space in my wastebasket for letters in which the grammar and structure are as poor as this but it seems as though a greatly misinformed young man needs to be partially enlightened, and therefore, I will attempt to do the honors. The letter was sent via Salty Sam and obviously (hopefully, at least) not intended for publication, but it was addressed to me, so here is my reaction.

Mr. Casey begins by stating that he wants to discuss one line of my previous editorial, which he quotes, and then he wanders off in several obscure directions concerning plebe year, the Academy graduate, harassment, revision, change, power of first class, etc. If he wants an explanation of my statement, all he has to do is read the next paragraph of that editorial which pointed out that there exists a gap between the outlook on plebe year as it is presently and on the system as it was my plebe year. I stated that immediate results can't be expected in light of this change in outlook.

Next Mr. Casey says that everytime the plebe system comes up it's a comparison between the top two classes and the bottom two. I have never found this to be true. Next comes something about the Academy graduate and harassment, and Mr. Casey asks why I brought up the topic. I never did bring up the topic. Next is his ridiculous statement that during my plebe year the system, "wasn't thought of being revised." At this point I seriously begin to question Mr. Casey's credibility and sources of information. During the plebe year of my class the initial proposals for changes were attempted, i.e. reduction of physical harassment and The Form #3 system. Since these were distinctly new concepts they met with virtual denial by the upper classes. This year's plebe class is fortunate in that at least part of my class is behind the new system.

The next highly questionable

statement by Mr. Casey is, "Why, hell I got run and by gosh so is he." At this point in his letter I feel certain that he did not even have the courtesy to finish my editorial, for in the last paragraph I stated that this idea should be dismissed completely.

His next question is about my classmates "getting run" the entire year, or if the 2/c "were run" the entire year. I'm not sure what this question could mean. Also I can't answer for all of my class, but I did have classmates who went to come arounds during June Week. I am not proud of this nonsense but rather contend that it is part of the reason my class hasn't accepted outright the sweeping changes made to the system.

Mr. Casey then states that when his class was secured from plebe year it was my class which had all the say in the matter. Judging from a random sampling of my classmates at that time, had the issue been up to my class rather than the '69 Brigade Commander, '72 would probably still not be secured.

Finally Mr. Casey doubts if his letter will be printed because, "it says too much—and all of it true." He is correct to assume that it says too much and it is my opinion that a few well worded, concise and inter-related sentences, were above his capability. The least he could have done would have been to make use of a common exercise known as proofreading, for the benefit of the reader if for no one else.

Dear Ed:

At the home game against Virginia, there was a great deal of spirit in the air, the cheerleaders were shouting and jumping, both Bill VVI and King Puck were there with blankets and new paint on their horns, and even the Brigade's new dog, "Larry" was on hand in his brand new blanket. Yet in all the excitement, it was evident to many that something was missing.

No one had brought Dodo to the game. It seems that in all the rush he had been left out. But this did not stop Dodo. As the game neared the half, he came trotting across the cinder parking lot we all love marching across. He came up to the gate at the end of the field but

that is as far as he got. It is odd but none of the 20 or 30 people standing at the gate (opening it several times) noticed Dodo standing there waiting to be let in.

At half time a member of the Fourth Estate was "asked" to go let him in. He was so happy to get in that he ran up and down the sideline, past the cheerleaders and around the D&B forming up to go on for the show.

All seemed well until just before the second half, when the OOD's mate started physically dragging Dodo off the field and out the gate, and from all indications, locked him up in the duty car.

This is real gratitude to show someone who even had a write-up in the official game program ("Dodo, The Brigade Dog"), and who last year was seriously wounded and even kidnapped!

Adm. Heyworth even gave us a new dog, not to take Dodo's place but to be his "assistant or Flag Lieutenant."

This is Dodo's First Class Year, he rates respect for this reason if for no other. And for this reason, the Class of '70 might see that he is treated better in the future.

In her article on Dodo in the program, Judy Holahan of the Academy's Public Affairs office said, "And so began the latest chapter in the continuing saga of 'Dodo, The Brigade Dog.' " Let's make this latest chapter the best one too.

"BITE ARMY" N*
T. E. CRABTREE '71

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Miss Bev McPhail from Kennebunkport, Maine, has been engaged to a first classman for six years.

Hailing from Milwaukee, Wis., Miss Cris Becker attends Prince George College and is pinned to a 4 c.



Miss Shelly Burditt, a student at Old Dominion, hails from Falls Church, Va., and is pinned to a 3 1/2 c.

7th

COMPANY

Miss Cathy Frederick from Princeton, N.J., attends Western College in Oxford, Ohio, and dates a first class.



A youngster dates Miss Carrie Fretz who attends Marquette College. Carrie lives in Mountain View, California.

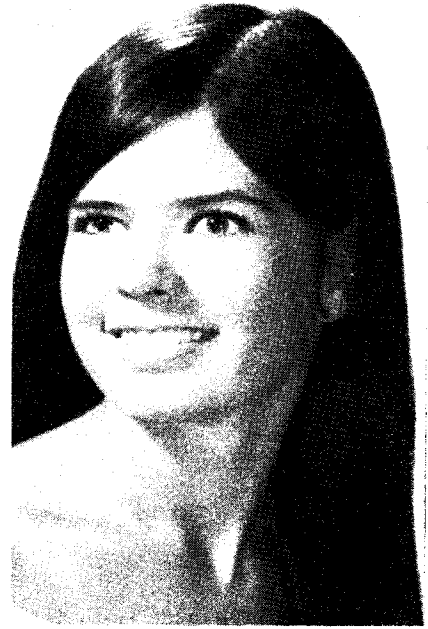
Miss Nancy Holzwarth, the pinmate of a 3 c, is from Chatham, N.J., and attends Trinity College.





Miss Margie Smith hails from Atlanta, Ga., and dates a lucky third class.

A lucky segundo is engaged to this coed from University of Delaware.



This lovely A ♀ from Old Dominion University belongs to a lucky 2, c.

8th

COMPANY

This pretty lass from Michigan will soon date a suave youngster



This youngster's sister is the fiancée of his roommate.



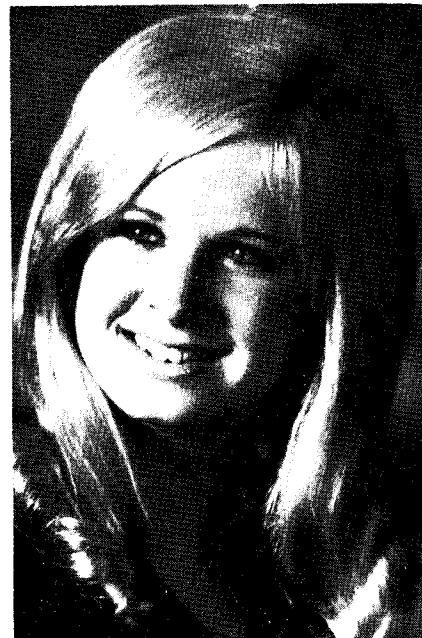
This young beauty is the loress of an enthusiastic youngster.



Miss Marty Richter, a sophomore at Fresno State in California, dates a lucky 2'er.



Miss Jill Muehle of Palm Desert, California, dates a youngster.



Miss Sally Sickles, a frosh at Albany State, writes to a plebe when she is lonely.

9th

COMPANY

Miss Sharon Lynch of Baltimore, Md., is pinned to a lucky 3'er.



Miss Pam Sheets of Cape Girardeau, Mo., is a plebe's Army drag.



Miss Rose Mary Christie of Greenwood, S.C., is engaged to a certain 3 striper.



by Bob Storck

I'd like to preface this month's column with a statement to all the non-believers. Many people are under the impression that material used here is pulled right out of the air (to put it politely). Quite on the contrary, each of the letters used in this feature was the brainchild of some snubbed or snubbing female. Many of the letters that reach me have obviously been previewed on bulkheads (walls for those Marine types) and still bear the remains of the tape which held some undeserving Mid's final jolt from his former O.A.O. My job is to introduce these new authors to as many readers as possible. Names may or may not have been changed to protect or incriminate the poor Mid. Comments, by the way, have been added as necessary to twist the truth even farther than was done by our ex-sweethearts. But I'd like to assure all that each and every morsel is the real thing, and some lucky Mid will glory in seeing his prize in print. He will no doubt send this issue to the originator and surely catch more gas for that than in the original letter.

Since "Dear John" did not appear in the last issue, a double dose of the best is in order. To try and analyze them by content or intent or to categorize them would be a foolhardy effort, for each drag had her reason, and each reason was different. But that's what keeps "Dear John" supplied with fresh fruit.

The first tid-bit came from a girl who was too made to even think of explanations or apologies. In flagrant gestures she wrote:

Bob-

Please return all my pictures, etc. Also, you still owe me \$20 from our savings account—which I'm assuming you'll take my name off of—plus \$43 for your collect phone calls (yes, but they were to you, so it was money wasted)—this does *not* count the times I called the Academy.

Thanks for a wonderful 5 years (OH you poor kid)

Brick

Though this isn't the classical . . . can, its point is remarkably clear, and leaves no confusion or doubt.

Our next letter is a classic from the outset, and Boy Scouts honor, every word of this letter is on a yellow sheet of paper in my room. The impact of this letter increases by a factor of 10 when you see the "beauty" who wrote it. In a "Dear John" first, we are going to publish her photo (sans name, natch) But please don't peek until you've read MARSHA's jewel:

Dearest Jeff:

My heart still yearns for you but I have finally cleared away the mist that passion has wrapped me in. (If this is a can letter, imagine what the love letters were like!!) I now know that all you care for is my body and not really my love (Keep this in mind when you see her picture and you'll have to agree with her.) I am terribly disillusioned with Middies. I thought you were always supposed to tell the truth (In your case honey, we made an exception). I'll never forget the day we met in "Jolsons" when I measured you for your truss. I will always love you but don't worry for I can love a lot. (No *wonder* he was interested in her!!) I have already found some solace in GEORGE. You remember George—he is the boy who sells suppositories and sanitary napkins at the next counter. In a sense Jeff you've been replaced. I'm sorry it didn't work out.

Loves Always,
Marsh

Need I say more?

The next entre on the menu is closer to the normal style, if such a thing exists, but earns its spot in the limelight with the triple barrel broadside at the end:

Dear Jack-

I'm sorry I have to write this in a letter, but there's some things that have to be said (and her-r-r-e's Johnny). I guess you could call this a "Dear John Letter." The reason I'm sending it now is because you said you might be home on



the 22nd. If you decide to come, I'm asking you not to call me. In fact, I'm telling you not to (easier done than said!). I won't be around and you'd only be putting my mother on the spot. You see, before I met you, there was a Cadet at West Point (ouch! strike one) and well, there still is. In fact I thought maybe I liked you, but I just saw him this weekend and I know now you could never compare to him (A Woop better than one of us? Never happen). Even though he's in his Plebe year, he's more than you could ever hope to be (A blow, but not strike two yet).

I'm sorry if I led you on, I didn't mean to. Anyway, lets face it Jack, your not my type. I'm too good for you (strike two—modesty is always the best way).

Try not to be hurt (strike three and boy are you out!)

Linda

For the remainder of the column, I'd like to print two letters which are from a life so completely different from that which we are accustomed to, that I had to include them.

Dear John Mark F.

Your compitition has arisin in all their glory. First and foremost, note the enclosed message from my future roommate. Everyone takes a bad picture once in a while. HE's really so nice sounding (wouldn't it be nice to have that kind of setup?) All I have to pay for are the long distance phone calls. He's going to take such good care of me (But as the buttons passed out at the '67 Army-Navy game said, freedom is *not* free.)

Secondly, a dinner date I had tonight. Craig Simpson, the new history instructor, is originally from Stanford. He's a good friend with Mr. Focht—modern phisics. Perhaps this will be influential gradewise (She gets around doesn't she?).

I hope this won't come as too big a shock to you (After the first part of this letter, what could be a big shock?). I've never been so immoral as to kiss you or such indicent behavior, and an affectionate pat on the head never meant any harm (This can't be the same girl writing this!). Thanks for a most fun June Week, Navy-Penn State, necklace, trou, ensignia, the offer of your pin, and daily

correspondence. (Mark! You did all this and didn't even get a kiss in return? Ver-ry Interesting, but STUPID!) By the way, I told the drag house your name and company so she may contact you for the amount owed for the past few weekends. I'm only glad I found out this soon in the semester.

I'll still see you occasionally; yes I can still make the Army-Navy game (Good now maybe Mark can get his kiss!!)

Thanks again. You're like a brother to me Marc
Remember Me,
Beryl

P. S. I can't return your large color senior picture as a real cute girl down the hall wanted it. I felt sorry for her and let her take it. She never has any dates (Oh she *must* be quite a cutie). Maybe you can come down or she'd love to come up sometime, I'm sure. (Go ahead Mark; could be a good match). All the girls like her a lot (yup, a great personality).

Beryl

The last letter this time is so out of place at the Academy that it's hard to believe that it is to a Mid. Nothing I could say could add to it, so it's time to shut up.

Dear Paul

As you can see, I had to move again. It seems that the mother of one of my (former) roommates found some marijuana that was probably mine, and so I was asked to leave, in order not to influence her daughter—who by the way, sold it to me.—So I now have a new residence.

I guess that I won't be able to keep your motorcycle, or make your headband, or even write to you anymore—you see, friend Paul, I'm engaged. As of about two weeks ago. Are you surprised? I was. Am. Whatever. I've been battling with the guy for two years—breaking up, going together, back and forth. We weren't going together when I was with you, I might add; I'm not that bad. . . . I don't think.

I'd keep you for a pen-pal or something, but Ron is my roommate, and he doesn't like for me to get letters from boys.

Thank you, Paul, for a nice three days and two nights.

Sincerely,
Terri

Believe it? I didn't when I read it.

There is just one more thing I'd like to say. This month I printed the best of the stock. I have some goodies for next month, but that is about it. To keep up the high quality/quantity, I'll need some fresh inputs. To all the Mids, let me say that if you have a letter you think rates about 3.0 or above, send it to me via the LOG editor (Rm 8429 33rd Co.). To the girls reading—If you are fed up with you Mid, and would like to see your literature in print, why not dump him now and send a carbon to the LOG editor? And also to the Parents of all those Mids who never write home, I could use a good parental Dear John as a change of pace (Just pretend you didn't read that, Dad).

Unsung But Potent: The Navy Debaters

By Midn. Carroll White 4/c

What Midshipmen received eight free weekends and traveled over 10,000 miles last year? The Naval Academy's top debaters, Jim Smee and Bill Ferris, accomplished this feat in the 1968-69 debating season. The two are helping to boost the Navy winning percentage from a low last year of 49.9 to the present average of 72.5.

First Classman Bill Ferris of the 32nd Company and Jim Smee (who is also the Second Regimental Commander) from 29 began their winning streak by advancing to the octofinals in a nationally ranked tournament held at the University of Kansas on October 23, 24 and 25. This was the first time that a Navy team had cleared, advanced to the octofinals, since February of 1967. The team of Smee and Ferris went on to capture first place in a tournament held at West Point on November 6, 7, and 8, debating the national topic: "Resolved: that the Federal government should grant a fixed percent of its income tax revenue to the states."

Under the direction of Professor Philip Warken of the English, History, and Government Department, this year's team has competed in seven tournaments and compiled a record of fifty wins and nineteen losses. Contributing to the winning side of this record were Third Classmen Bill Edwards of the 28th Company and Joe Glover of the 8th Company. Debating in their first college match, this team had a four and zero won lost record to take a second place in a novice tournament at Rosemont College in Philadelphia on October 17 and 18.

Joe Glover came back the next weekend with another partner,



Bill Ferris

Steve Clawson, 3 c, to win six out of six debates in another novice tournament at Wake Forrest. The team placed third among one hundred and twenty eight schools sending debaters. On the same weekend debaters Al Hupp, second class and Mike Riordan of the 31st and the 33rd Companies, cleared into the octofinals at Emory University in Atlanta, placing sixteenth out of one hundred and thirty schools.



Jim Smee

UCLA defeated the Navy team and eventually went on to win the tournament.

The Navy squad will host Twelfth Annual Navy Debate Tournament to be held on February 12, 13, and 14. The tournament

is one of the fifteen nationally marked tournaments that determine the four competitors for the national championship debates. Approximately sixty five schools will attend the tournament in February drawing teams from thirty states.

The Navy team will compete in about thirty-five tournaments this year according to tournament director, Firstie John Oakes. It will tour the West Coast at the end of Christmas leave, debating at such colleges as UCLA and the University of Southern California.

The LOG salutes the Blue and Gold forensic squad on its fine record thus far, and wishes the team a most successful season.

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PEOPLE TO REMEMBER:

DON DOWNING: FOOTBALL PLAYER TURNED HELO PILOT

As linebacker and captain of the 1966 Naval Academy football team, Don Downing struck fear into the heart of many an opposing quarterback.

Now he's Lieutenant junior grade Downing, U.S. Navy, and though the gridiron is far behind, Don's business hasn't changed. He's still dealing out destruction to the opposition, as a pilot for the Navy's only combat helicopter squadron.

Downing commenced a twelve-month tour in October with Helicopter Attack (Light) Squadron Three, or HA(L)-3 as it is commonly called, which is stationed at Binh Thuy in Vietnam's Mekong Delta.

After graduating from the Naval Academy in 1967, Downing reported to Pensacola, Florida for eighteen months of pilot training. At Pensacola he played linebacker for the Pensacola Navy Goshawks.

Downing is the son of Mrs. Angela Downing of 2114 Lorain Drive in Lorain, Ohio, where he graduated from high school in 1963.

Helicopter Attack (Light) Squadron Three (HA(L)-3) is the Navy's only armed helicopter squadron. Its primary mission is to provide aerial fire support for the Navy's River Patrol Force, which seeks to interdict Communist infiltration into the Delta. Nicknamed the "Seawolves," the squadron's pilots fly UH-1B helicopters armed with machine guns and rockets.

In addition to providing support for friendly ground or waterborne units, the Seawolves are also called upon to place rocket and machine gun strikes on enemy targets, rescue downed pilots or others in distress, and provide fire cover for medical evacuations.

As the River Patrol Force moves closer and closer to complete control of the Delta's waterways, the

Seawolves of HA(L)-3 claim much of the credit for success. The River Patrol Boats (PBR's) possess outstanding speed and fire-power, but lack of size and armor renders them vulnerable to ambush as they patrol the treacherously narrow canals in search of the enemy.

Upon attack, the PBR's summon the Seawolves, who maintain a five-minute reaction capability from various land-based and waterborne detachments throughout the Delta.

The basic crew of each gunship consist of the pilot, co-pilot, and two door gunners. On combat missions the Hueys fly in pairs to cover each other and insure that one will always be in position to engage the enemy. The two Hueys flying together are referred to as a fire team.

The minimum personnel requirement for each detachment is sixteen—enough for two fire-team crews. The two crews alternate 24-hour duty assignments so that one is ready to scramble at all times. Each detachment maintains at least two helos in operational readiness.

The squadron headquarters is in Binh Thuy in the heart of the Delta. Major maintenance for the Seawolves is done here, although minor repairs are made on the spot at outlying detachments.

Since its organization in April, 1967, HA(L)-3 has continued to demonstrate the potency of helicopter firepower in combat against guerilla tactics. Not satisfied with the successes of their first two years, the Seawolves have recently undergone a transition period that included relocation of the squadron at Binh Thuy, expansion of the squadron with the creation of two new detachments, and increased fire power due to acquisition of a new armament system.

The new armament system features the rapid-fire minigun—an automatic weapon based on the Gatling gun—which has a rate of fire roughly four times that of the machine gun it replaces. One electrically-driven minigun is flex-mounted on each side of the helicopter, taking the place of two conventional automatic weapons formerly mounted on each side.

Completing the armament system are two rocket launchers, one mounted below each minigun and holding seven rockets each. Each door gunner fires a hand-held machine gun, while the pilot fires the rockets and the co-pilot operates the flex-mounted weapons.

Prior to October, 1968 PBR's and Seawolves were employed primarily along the major rivers of the Mekong Delta with a mission of population and resources control—denying the use of these vital waterways to the Viet Cong and making them safe for the local populace. This control was accomplished primarily by stopping and checking boat traffic.

Today, the emphasis of operations has shifted to preventing Communist infiltration of personnel and materiel into the Mekong Delta. Naval forces have expanded their operations farther and farther upriver, and are now as much at home along the narrow canals bordering Cambodia as in the large cities of the lower Delta.

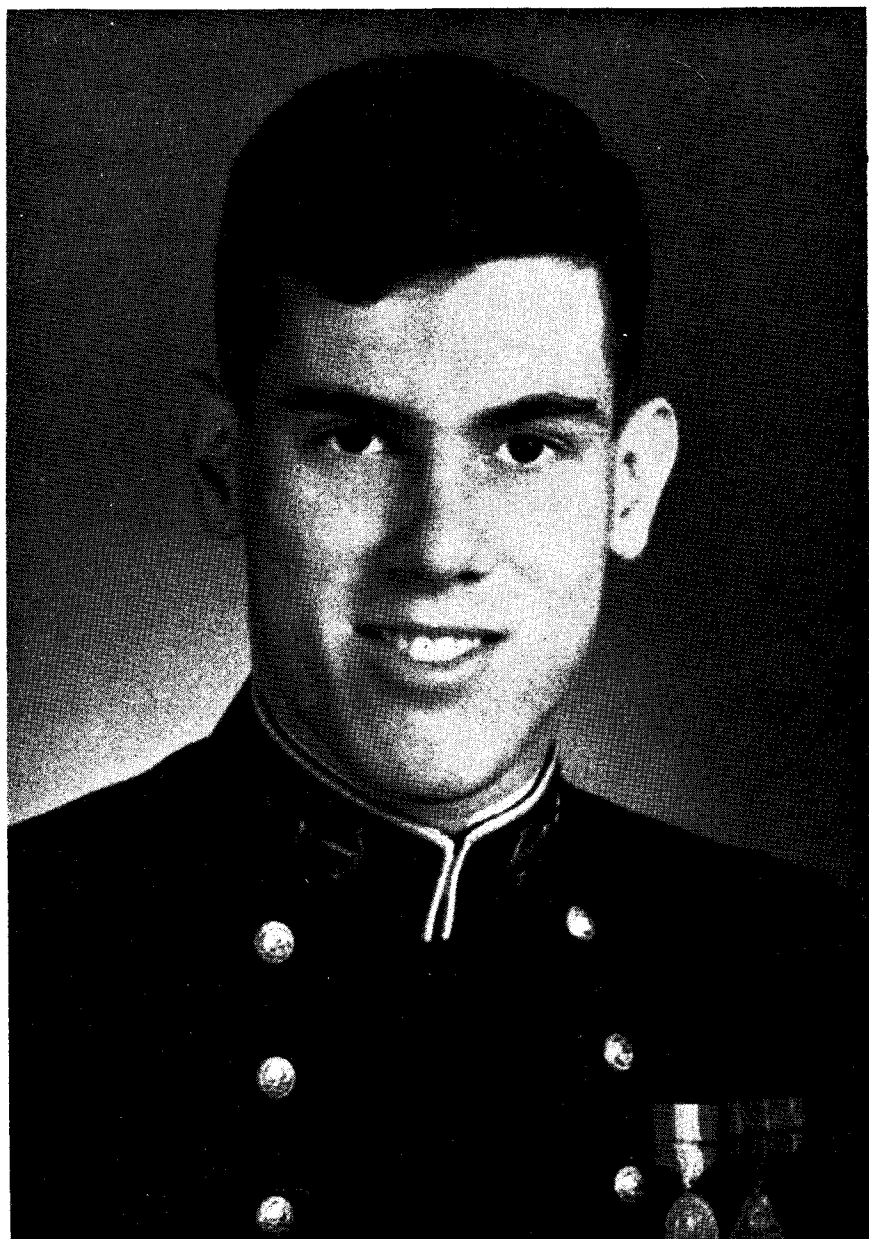
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Ray M. Umbarger of Lafayette Hill, Pennsylvania, has been awarded a Daniel and Florence Guggenheim Fellowship for study at the Guggenheim Laboratories for Aerospace Propulsion Sciences at Princeton University for the academic year 1969-1970.

He is one of 10 leading young engineers of the United States and Canada to receive similar awards at Princeton, Columbia and the California Institute of Technology. Fellowships provide full tuition and stipends of up to \$2,400. They are awarded annually to students of outstanding technical ability and promise in the fields related to the flight sciences.

The Guggenheim Laboratories, established in 1961, include the Jet Propulsion Center at Princeton, founded by The Daniel and Florence Guggenheim Foundation in 1948 to provide educational and research facilities for graduate students in jet propulsion, rocketry and space flight sciences and to promote the rapid development of these fields.

Mr. Umbarger received a Bachelor of Science degree in Aerospace Engineering from the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., in 1969. He graduated from Plymouth Whitemars High School, Plymouth Meeting, Pa.

His hobbies include sports and

flying.

He is the son of Floyd and Dorothy Umbarger of Lafayette Hill, Pa., and his father is a Vice President of the Philadelphia Life Insurance Company.

The LOG

She: How dare you kiss me?

He: It does take a lot of guts.

The LOG

Bull Prof: What state would I be in if I went due south from New York City.

Youngster: Insanity, just like always.

The LOG

Ed: Heard Joe got his hand blown off the other day.

Fred: By accident?

Ed: No, by dynamite.

The LOG

He: I know a place where they only eat one meal a day.

She: That's very strange. What's it called.

He: DINNER.

The LOG

The nurse rushed up to the obviously excited father-to-be

"Congratulations," said she, "you're the father of twins."

"Well don't tell my wife," he replied, "I want to surprise her."

The LOG

1st Coed: It was terrible, there we were in the bedroom, he was making all sorts of advances and I was doing my best to resist, when mother walked in.

2nd Coed: What did you do then?

1st Coed: Asked her to turn off the lights on her way out.

The LOG

Heard they executed Bart this morning.

Didn't know he'd been charged.

He wasn't, they hung him.

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SECURITY PROCEDURES: A NAVY WAY OF LIFE.

Ever since Cain killed Abel and didn't want to tell God about it, men, and their societies, have had secrets they wanted kept. In today's Navy we are all very aware of the importance of security measures; of course some of us take longer to realize it than others. The lesson was brought home to me this summer during Actramid, a four-week extension of AC-year, (which quickly gained the very appropriate pseudonym Hack-tramid). One of the reasons behind this was the 'great breach of security scandal', of which I was a part. Shortly after we had moved into our eight wing rooms we were given our ATPI-A's, (Now available at very reasonable prices from several North Korean mail-order houses,) and instructed to keep them in our con lockers, guarding them with our very lives, if need be, from whoever it is that doesn't have their own copies, (CHAOS agents? MOCS?) It was then that I discovered that the plebe who had lived in my room during AC-year had cleverly written all the wrong numbers on the combination card. Touché '72. Immediately realizing the grave peril my pubs were in I decided to make do best I could. I wrapped them in TP along with a plebe issue sock I'd never washed, a reg book and a bloodstained form 2 with CDR BREENS autograph on it, and hid it under the sink. I was secure in the knowledge that these pubs were SAFE to a degree of security undreamed of by the Navy's point system. The next morning a bright and bushy-tailed Lieutenant aroused me from a deep slumber to inquire as to the well-being of my pubs. "Well sir, its like this. . ." How embarrassing.

The following day myself and several other hard-core conduct cases were called in for a heart-to-

heart with one of the Marines on the detail. As I was herded into the conference room by a sweaty MCBO, I noticed how it had taken on the character of its new occupants; in one corner was a statue of Moloch with a hole in its head, and on the wall was a small sign that said something about keeping your gun clean. By then, however, we were being sternly reminded that we hadn't been given at-ease and some of my contemporaries were bracing up while others mumbled replies reminiscent of plebe year. Then, in a change of mood tactic that caught us all off guard, our "host" grinned and told us he knew we often referred to him as the 'Jolly Green Giant'. We all thought that was pretty funny and that perhaps this wouldn't be so bad after all. So then, still grinning, he told us that we were getting fifty instead of thirty. Ho, Ho, Ho. It was the beginning of a 'loss of innocence.'

Three weeks later I was heading for New London to learn about submarines, and if I hadn't been security conscious before, I soon grew to be. It seemed that everything we touched, heard or saw was classified top-secret and after a couple of days the pressure of knowing so much began to get to some of us. It all came to a head, in a manner of speaking, near the end of the week; we were in one of the far-flung training buildings and had just been given a ten-minute break after a lecture. I was in bad need of a head-call and so I asked the nearest Ensign where said room might be found. He gave me a slow, intense scrutiny up and down and then asked for my ID. I gave it to him, trying to look as inconspicuous as possible as I hopped first on one foot and then the other. Finally, he said my security clearance

was okay, but did I have the proper 'need to know'? I winced and hurriedly explained that I hadn't gone to the bathroom since before Happy Hour the night before. He didn't buy it though; apparently he thought it was going to be a 'security leak'. I was sent back to my seat, where I sat shivering and masticating my labia. Nearly two-hours later my cramps started coming closer together and somebody carried me to a head. Once there I made a rapid recovery and started noting, with great interest, the inside of the first classified bathroom I had ever been in. The walls were emergency red and the windows had bars. I reached for some toilet paper and was aghast to see neatly printed on each sheet "DOWN GRADED EVERY THREE YEARS, NOT AUTOMATICALLY DECLASSIFIED." Later on I searched for a burn-bag, but upon finding none I decided to pocket the valuable used tissues, until they could be properly disposed of. I had learned my lesson well.

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LT. DAVIDSON

By Chris Derr '73



A native of Princeton, Illinois, and a graduate of the University of Illinois with a degree in Physical Education, Lt. Davidson, U.S.N., is presently on duty here at the Naval Academy, serving as the 28th Company officer.

Two weeks upon graduation, Lt. Davidson attended the Navy School of Preflight in Pensacola, Florida, and, in December, 1962, after an eight week delay due to an accident on a trampoline, he was commissioned an Ensign in the United States Naval Reserve.

Since his commissioning, Lt. Davidson has served tours in many places, including Whitbey Island, Washington and Corpus Christi, Texas, where he married Mrs. Sandra Davidson. One of his most memorable tours was on board the DDG Richard E. Byrd, for it was on that tour that Lt. Davidson augmented to the Regular Navy. This was a result of his disqualification

(for medical reasons) as an NFO.

Several tours later, Lt. Davidson received orders to report to the Physical Education Department at the Naval Academy, and was affiliated with the Department for only three months before he was transferred to the Naval Science Department where, for one year, he taught a first and second class course in tactics.

On September second of this year, after having been transferred back to the Physical Education Department for the summer months, Lt. Davidson joined the Executive Department.

Working face to face with the Midshipman is a totally unique experience for Lt. Davidson, although he has served with graduates from the Naval Academy during some of his tours of duty. His impression of the graduates he has served under is quite good.

As a Company Officer, Lt. Da-

vidson says he is just now realizing some of the problems that confront the Midshipman's way of life. He hopes to alleviate some of these problems while here at the Academy, and, having been on both the outside and the inside of Bancroft Hall, as an instructor and a Company Officer, he feels he is well qualified to cope with the problems that arise. As a prof., all of those stories that the Midshipmen confronted Lt. Davidson with seemed, at times, quite unbelievable. However, now that he is living among Midshipmen, he reports that these stories cease to seem so far fetched.

With regard to the new plebe system, Lt. Davidson has noticed that the Brigade is accepting it with mixed emotion. As a consolation to the plebes, Lt. Davidson feels that it is an "excellent program, excellent idea." However, he feels, "We must realize that it will take about four years, until the plebes are first class, until the real effects are going to be felt. Everyone will learn from this program; it is an asset to the entire Brigade." In the long run, Lt. Davidson feels, this system will produce better prepared Navy and Marine Corps officers.

He spends much of his free time observing or participating in sports, primarily football, basketball, and baseball; he is presently acting as the 150 pound Officer representative. The rest of his free time is spent with his wife and two daughters.

Lt. Davidson has good words, not only for the Brigade, but also for his cohorts in the Executive Department. When asked how he feels to be associated with the "bad guys" of Bancroft, Lt. Davidson calmly replied, "There are no 'bad men' in Bancroft Hall. Believe me." In the eyes of the Midshipmen there are still some "bad guys" in Bancroft, but Lt. Davidson certainly is not one of them.

IT'S THAT TIME AGAIN: GOLD STRIPE FEVER

By M. P. O.

An annual epidemic more dangerous than the Hong Kong flu has once more made its appearance around the halls of Bancroft. All hands are cautioned to be on the lookout for this morale-killing mania, which has been described by its "secondary victims" (see below) as leaving one with a stabbing pain in the back region. In an effort to control the spread of Gold Stripe Fever, the LOG as a public service has researched a number of cases and will now attempt to give its readers the warning signs and symptoms of the disease.

Like problems with wisdom teeth, GSF seems increasingly likely to attack certain individuals as the amount of time they have spent here at Navy increases. In early stages, the disease may make itself known by an oily smile for everyone from its victim, and other well-known symptoms of the greasus-smackus complex. Many of its victims find numerous trips to the company officer's office necessary. At this point, the afflicted individual starts seeing thin gold stripes before his eyes, and he seems to make it his goal to insure that others see these apparitions when they look at him. These are the usual underclass symptoms to watch for.

The fully developed disease is rarely found in underclassmen, however, and it lies in dormancy until 1/c year. At this time, it becomes especially active in some of those who see gold stripes appear on their sleeve, or those who are convinced that these mysterious bands will appear in a short time (1 December, maybe?).

Reports that the severity of the malady is an effect of and directly proportional to the weight carried

by a 1/c on his blue works collar is for the most part an overgeneralization, for in most cases the effects vary with the individual. Here are some of the symptoms which have been observed and which are typical of gold stripe fever:

The victim places peers in restricted status without telling them personally of his action.

The victim feels a driving compulsion to say "Yes, sir" to any and all statements directed to him from those with more and larger gold bands.

The victim seems to get a fiendish glee from "searching out and reporting" others for the same things he used to do until the mysterious gold bands appeared on his sleeve.

The victim masters the art of saying nothing with many syllabled words (Communications?), and follows his signature (wherever it may be) with M/Cdr. (or whatever), USN.

The onset of the malady in those whose sleeves fill with gold bands in the winter is an unfortunate process to watch. A case study will be given here—the symptoms are all present. This unfortunate victim seems to have a fear of being outdone by those who already have their gold bands. On one occasion, he dressed down a peer (the "secondary victim") in front of the latter's room in the presence of a fourth classman whom he felt was being unduly stressed, then upon seeing the secondary victim's roommate appear, exclaimed, "Oh, OK, Pat, just so there's a 1/c here." This same mid is afflicted to such a degree that upon meeting a close friend and the latter's company officer together, was observed to ignore his (former) friend en-

tirely and strike up a conversation with said officer about "the second set." Then there is the matter of credit for class policy, where credit is due. . . . Truly a classic case of GSF! Alas.

The disease is further complicated and ingrained by "third set fever," which drives many in two groups of men into a contest of favorable impressions where the winner takes Au (11). Victims will seize upon insignificant incidents to take actions which they feel will mark them as trendsetters in the 'new direction.' (Why can't 4/c get ties pressed?)

One note—Gold stripe fever must not be confused with the orders-from-above syndrome, which should be a trait of all military men. The CMOOW looking for reg sweat gear and that BOOW who wrote out a stack of Form 2's on your company was probably ordered there by the OOW.

In closing, we can report that the cures to this dreadful disease are fairly simple, depending on the severity of the individual cases. If the victim can be made to see his symptoms and actions as others observe them, the malady can be cured almost completely. The third set syndrome could be eliminated by letting three separate groups of 1/c have gold bands on their sleeve. This would also tend to check the disease considerably.

As the second set gets under way, all hands are urged to be on the lookout for gold stripe fever; to prevent it if possible, cure it in the afflicted if feasible, and watch the incurable cases closely (but from a safe distance lest you be a "secondary victim")—they may provide you with some great stories to tell!

A TRAGIC COMEDY

By A. Thomas Heist

In this story, Mr. Heist asks us to try and determine where the tragedy ends and the comedy begins, or vice-versa.

It seemed the interview had reached an impasse. The six-man board glared at the young man at the end of the table and he in turn hung his head in sullen confusion. Why wasn't he believed? What did everyone have against him? Why did he feel so out of place and incapable of defending himself?

Johnny couldn't answer these questions. Perhaps no-one could. Where *had* things gone wrong? In high-school he had been a sure, confident student; honor society officer, quarterback on the football team, not to mention his track and wrestling honors. As president of his senior class he was lauded as an individual for whom success was an inevitable end. Quick thinking and sure of himself with other people, he had always displayed a self-confidence that kept him in the leadership positions everywhere he went. The pride of his family and community, it was no surprise to anyone when he was appointed to Annapolis.

The scene at the Airport that June day was typical of scenes all over the nation; his mother was crying, his little brothers shuffled around nervously until he shook their hands like real men, and his Dad had that unmistakable glow of a proud father.

Johnny entered the Academy fully confident of his ability and desire, to become the finest midshipman in history. His College Boards and past performance gave no evidence for a contrary prediction. However after the first four months it was evident that Johnny's dreams would never be realized. He wasn't performing well. Because Johnny had a weakness. He was deeply affected by what other people thought of him. And the yelling, screaming and seeming

hatred inherent in the indoctrination had finally gotten to him. It created a frustration which in turn hampered his performance even more. They said that under pressure he couldn't function. But he had functioned under pressure before, on the football field, in countless occasions where his cool leadership had averted fights and won arguments. Even Johnny knew that to perform under pressure you had to be confident in yourself. And, for months, he had had his self-confidence undermined and torn down. He got through Plebe year, but only on guts and determination. And he ended up with mediocre grades and aptitude marks, and a strong personal feeling for the maxim, 'you rate what you can get away with.' Youngster year found him shy, retiring and often nervous. But his grades were coming up and he was taking a small interest in Extra Curricular Activities once again. Second Class Year, Johnny seemed to have regained much of his high-school ambition; Yet one thing was evident, he would never again be a high-achiever. Somewhere in the last two years the desire to excel had been destroyed and replaced by a contentment with getting by with the bare minimum. Seemingly unexplicable regulations under the authorship of tradition had instilled in him an anti-establishment rebelliousness which approached that of his civilian contemporaries. A forced and depersonalized worship routine had destroyed any religious beliefs he had had and church had soon become just another inconvenience.

Second Class Summer had sown a seed in Johnny. He had become excited about going air when he graduated. He was fascinated with his responsibilities in the indoctrination of plebes and did his best to right the wrongs he'd experienced in his plebe year. The prospect of a Naval Career was looking

brighter than ever.

During the summer he had met a lovely girl named Sandy. As she lived in Baltimore, he had the opportunity to see her often. She was an attractive college junior now with her own car and a very justifiable desire to enjoy her weekends going places and doing things. Staying within seven miles of the Academy soon became an utterly ridiculous proposition. Then he was caught riding in a car. An officer had seen him getting out of Sandy's car after a date. He was sure that this was just a fluke accident and he determined to be more careful in the future. It was a real shock therefore, four months later when he found out he'd been turned in for car riding by a classmate. And then the nightmare began. It was quick and efficient. He was dismissed and sent to the fleet.

Back home the grief and shock was unprecedented. They had never noticed the subtle changes that had occurred within Johnny. As long as he was in the Academy they suspected nothing could be wrong. But actually the dismissal was the climax of a long sad two and a half years that saw Johnny realize very little of the success he had had a right to expect in college.

It was a long two years in the fleet but he'd done surprisingly well. It was easy to excel when the majority of people he was in contact with were inferior to himself.

And now, at twenty-three, he was trying to get back into college as a Sophomore. He was being interviewed by a Board of men and they wanted to know the exact nature of his 'conduct dismissal' as mentioned on his application for admission.

"Now listen, John. We're here to help you not to harass you. I'm sure you understand why its necessary for us to investigate these sort of things. We could understand it if you wished to not talk about it here; if you don't, just say so and we'll arrange a more private meeting. But why do you keep insisting that you were dismissed for riding in a car?" The man who had just spoken looked around at the other five men as if to invite further comments, and then he said, "All

right, lets try again. Why were you dismissed from the Naval Academy?"

Johnny stared past him to the far wall and said, "I was caught riding in a car, sir."

The men shifted in their seats. One dropped his hands on the table in exasperation. The man questioning Johnny pursed his lips and then in a cold voice, "Is that all?"

"Well, no,—" hopeful eyes now shifted to him, "I was caught doing it twice." Some of the men muttered under their breaths. The spokesman threw up his hands in despair and slipped back in his seat.

Another man who had been quietly cleaning his glasses now spoke up with a voice that was soft and father-like.

"All right John, you were caught riding in a car twice, but perhaps you were doing something in the car you shouldn't have been, hmmm?"

"Just riding, sir."

The man nearest Johnny on his left had become very red listening to this interview. He now spoke up, in a calm tone that masked the impatience he felt, "Do you expect us to believe that a twenty-one year old college student with apparently no other record of delinquent behavior was dismissed for simply riding in a car!?"

John didn't answer.

The man continued, "Do you realize that we can call Annapolis and find out the truth?"

John smiled at this.

"Yes sir."

The second man on his left, who was white haired and fat, and obviously angered said, "Why do you waste our time? Do you really want in this college?"

"Yes sir."

John's tone was still displaying the defeated calmness that had been his characteristic response to pressure ever since plebe year when he had learned that talking up was seldom the answer to a problem. He felt deep inside a sullen anger at their disbelief. But for four years now anger had only brought frustration, a common situation in the service, and that is what it did now. John was confused, angry, frustrated and seem-

ingly incapable of giving these men what they wanted.

And then, there came, from where it is not known, a spark, an idea, a rebellious little thought that in the midst of all this turmoil appealed to Johnny, and he said, "Sir, I'm sorry for all this trouble, and I'm ready to tell the whole story now." Two of the men broke into broad grins, they all sat up in their chairs, and the spokesman, betraying his relief, said, "We're glad to see this change of heart, John. Please proceed."

Johnny started, "At first, stealing the car was just a joke and no one really thought we'd go through with it until we had done it. Just like when the other guys pulled the little girl off the sidewalk and into the car, none of us really expected anything bad to happen. I don't know if it was the booze or the marijuana, but our minds were really messed up, everything happened in a blur. The police, the chase, the gun-battle, it's all so hazy now. But from the police reports gathered after it was all over I know it went something like this:—

Forty-five minutes later Johnny's tale was told. The men of the

board, who had been living all their lives in a society of ever growing civil-disobedience, found it a much more believable saga than the car-riding explanation. They were all satisfied now and renewed in their faith in the reckless, destructive rebelliousness of youth they had become so conditioned to as to expect.

Had he reformed since then? "Yes sir."

They told him that they understood how easy it was to get into trouble just 'going along with the gang.' And finally, that upon reviewing his excellent high-school achievements, and his good service record, and their faith in his rehabilitation, that he would be admitted the next term.

Johnny was glad, but he was sad too. Did he now understand or was he more confused than ever? What really is important in this crazy world? Where did he ever hear of USNA anyway???

The LOG

She: What are you taking 2nd semester?

1/C: Anything I can get away with, what are you offering?



DODO, THE BRIGADE DOG

By Judy Holahan

"In commenting on the Brigade today, one would be making a gross omission if he did not also mention Dodo," said Rear Admiral Lawrence Heyworth, Jr., USN, at last month's Change of Command Ceremony for the Commandant of Midshipmen.

The Admiral then noted that Dodo was not "as fleet of foot as he once was" and that perhaps he was in need of an assistant or Flag Lieutenant.

With these words, he presented the Brigade his farewell gift, a three month old puppy to serve as Dodo's assistant.

And so began the latest chapter in the continuing saga of "Dodo, The Brigade Dog."

Dodo is somewhat of a phenomenon at the Academy—where there is a definite "No pets" regulation. "If we'd let them, the Midshipmen would turn the place into a zoo," commented an officer in Bancroft Hall which houses the 4,200-man Brigade.

Yet Dodo, a black, brown and gold mongrel, sleeps in Bancroft, attends Chapel services, dines in the Mess Hall, and seldom misses a formation or a parade. He has free reign at the Academy and no one can exactly explain who or how it all came about.

Dodo's story, which has all ingredients of a Walt Disney production, supposedly began one rainy night when he limped into a second classman's room. Someone dried him off, fed him and let him stay the night. And like the man who came to dinner, he's never left.

The exact date of arrival is anybody's guess. A "firstie" or senior, said "Well, he's a turnback from '69, which means he's now Class of '70, so I guess he came in '65." Others are definite that Dodo ap-

peared in December '67.

One popular theory holds that the Brigade dog is a reincarnation of Midshipman Philo McGiffen, Class of 1882, come back to do penance. By the end of Philo's plebe year he had acquired so many demerits that it would be impossible for him to be commissioned although he could graduate. (In those days not all graduated midshipmen were commissioned.) After graduation, Philo entered the Chinese Navy rising to the rank of Captain. During the Battle of Yalu while in command of the CHEN WUEN, he was seriously wounded and six months later committed suicide.

Reincarnated midshipman or not, it wasn't long before Dodo became accustomed to the military atmosphere. He moved his base of operation to the main office in Bancroft Hall and is the only animal (and probably the last) ever to receive orders to enter and stay by the sanction of a former Superintendent. The obliging midshipmen have equipped the office with a red water dish and a blanket.

Dodo has no need for a food dish—he dines in the Mess Hall. Of course, only after he has reviewed meal formation in Tecumseh Court. After selecting a table, always a different one lest he be accused of favoritism, he sits by the midshipman who feeds him well. He never barks or causes a disturbance. The midshipmen say, "A gentleman by act of Congress, of course."

At times, Dodo does exhibit some positive feelings of partiality. He ignores commissioned officers and has been known to cross the street to avoid admirals, women or civilians.

The dog became such a celebrity that for a while, various midship-

men were assigned to keep a log of his actions.

A typical entry reads:

"Midshipman Dog was seen returning from Catholic chapel this morning. A glow of humility was noted in his eyes and he was obviously in penance to atone for missing morning meal on 13 May. He decided to anticipate this morning's formation and arrived 17 minutes early."

Dodo's experiences with the academic world have received much attention. It seems Dodo regularly attends classes and during one of his visits unavoidably fell asleep. The "prof" not especially happy with his sleeping canine student, threw a piece of chalk at the dog. The awakened Dodo looked up sleepily at the prof, put his head back on the floor and returned to sleep.

One professor reportedly put in a "Form 2" on Dodo requesting disciplinary action and a Marine major was heard to boast, "I'm happy to state my class was one of the few, where Dodo didn't fall asleep."

Dodo first gained official recognition at the Navy-Syracuse game in 1968. Prior to the kickoff, a staff officer's sedan drove along the sidelines stopping at the 50 yard line. Two midshipmen jumped out of the car and behind came Dodo wearing his Navy blanket with the Gold "N" on the top and gold letters reading "Bite Army" on either side.

Following his first public appearance as Midshipman Dog in Residence, Dodo received a number of inches in local and national newspapers. On one occasion a photographer wanted to take a picture of the dog in the Mess Hall. As the Midshipmen filed into the Hall, Dodo disappeared into the cavernous Hall that seats the 4,200 midshipmen. Finally the midshipman officer of the watch announced over the public address system, "Which-ever table is hosting Dodo, would you please raise your hats." Hats went up and Dodo was found.

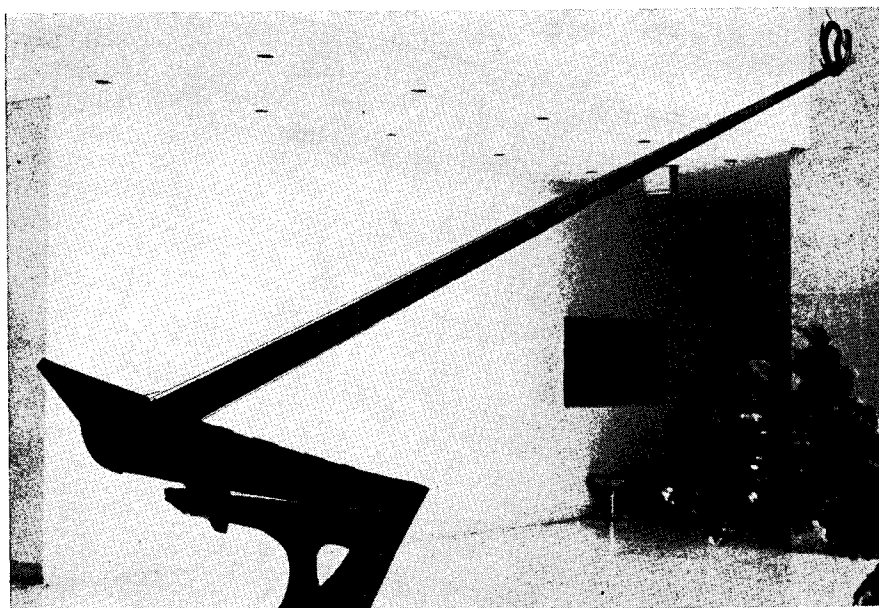
The tales of Dodo's exploits are endless. And for sure his Flag Lieutenant will learn his tricks from the Top Dog at the Naval Academy.

"BITE ARMY"

SPOTLIGHT:

THE MICHELSON MONSTER

By Jon R. Nus '71



"Mod, Mod Michelson"

"The Polish Anti-aircraft Gun"

"This Way To The Restrooms."

"The Jolly Green Giant's Coat Rack"

These are a few of the remarks we received while soliciting a title for the structure which graces (?) the main lobby of Michelson Hall. However, doubting the validity of these colorful descriptions, we approached Dr. E. J. Cook, Senior Professor of the Science Department, who supplied a different explanation.

The history of the structure begins some ten years ago with the formulation of idea for a Michelson-Chauvenet complex. At that time, Admiral C. W. Nimitz, USN, (ret.), presented to the building committee the idea of incorporating into the complex a memorial to A. A. Michelson. Simultaneously, Admiral Nimitz took his idea to various corporations who might

desire to donate funds for such a project. Perkins-Elmer Electric Company, Corning Glass Works, Honeywell Fund, Boeing Company, Sperry Rand Corp., Curtiss Wright Corporation, Chicago Aerial Industries and General Time Corp. all responded with a total donation of some \$57,000.

With the amount of available floorspace and the broad theme of A. A. Michelson, his life and work, as the only limiting factors, the committee sent a request to many of the nation's leading artists, architects and sculptors for their ideas for such a memorial. The ideas varied from a simple bust of Michelson to a working module which actually conducted the light experimentally. Though each idea submitted was given careful consideration by the committee, they felt that a statue of Michelson would not be adequate as we presently have too many such statues in the yard, most of which go un-

noticed except for an occasional pigeon. The committee was attracted to an idea submitted by Louis Di Valentine encompassing both an abstract sculpture depicting Michelson's light experiment and a mural covering the entire rear wall of the lobby. However, the cost of such a project has delayed (at least temporarily) the mural.

Being among the masses who view the "Monster" with both bewilderment and confusion, the \$45,000 statue took some study before I realized it was actually a very good representation of Michelson's experiment. To ensure maximum authenticity, Mr. Di Valentine patterned his statue after A. A. Michelson's notebook drawing of the apparatus. The letters which may be seen at various locations on the lower portion of the statue were taken directly from this drawing and "label" the experimental apparatus on the statue.

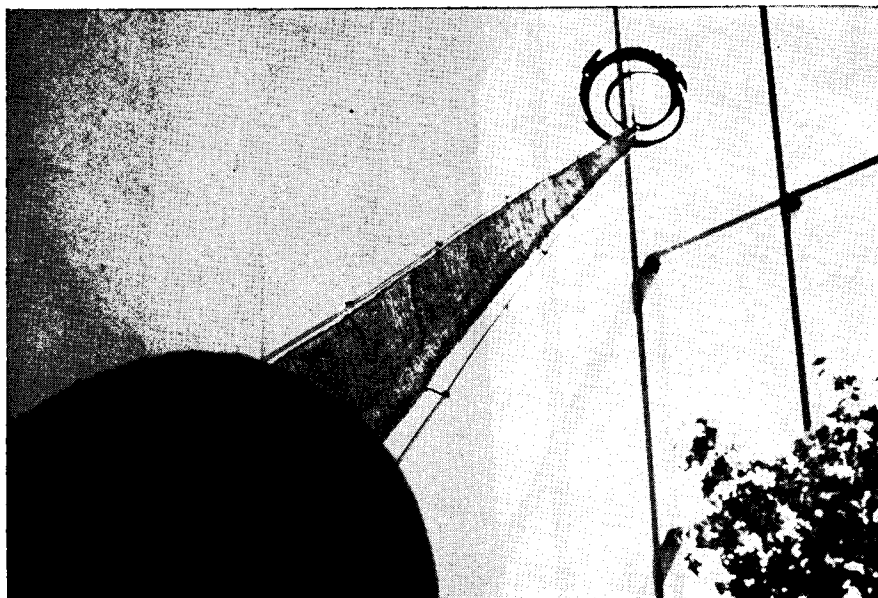
As the title, *The Velocity of Light*, indicates the two ton, bronze, statue is an abstract representation of A. A. Michelson's velocity of light experiment conducted at the United States Naval Academy in 1878. The hollow circle at the top of the statue represents the sun, and the small diameter tubing emanating from it represent the individual rays whose speed Michelson measured. The acute angle of the "sun" is accounted for by the fact that Michelson conducted his experiments within the hour after sunrise or the hour before sunset exclusively.

The base of the statue represents the cabin and equipment constructed expressly for the experiment at what was then the North Sea Wall of the Naval Academy. Upon careful observation of the rear side of the statue, one may note several steps and windows which represent the outside of the building. The other features of the statue represent the apparatus used to measure the speed of light.

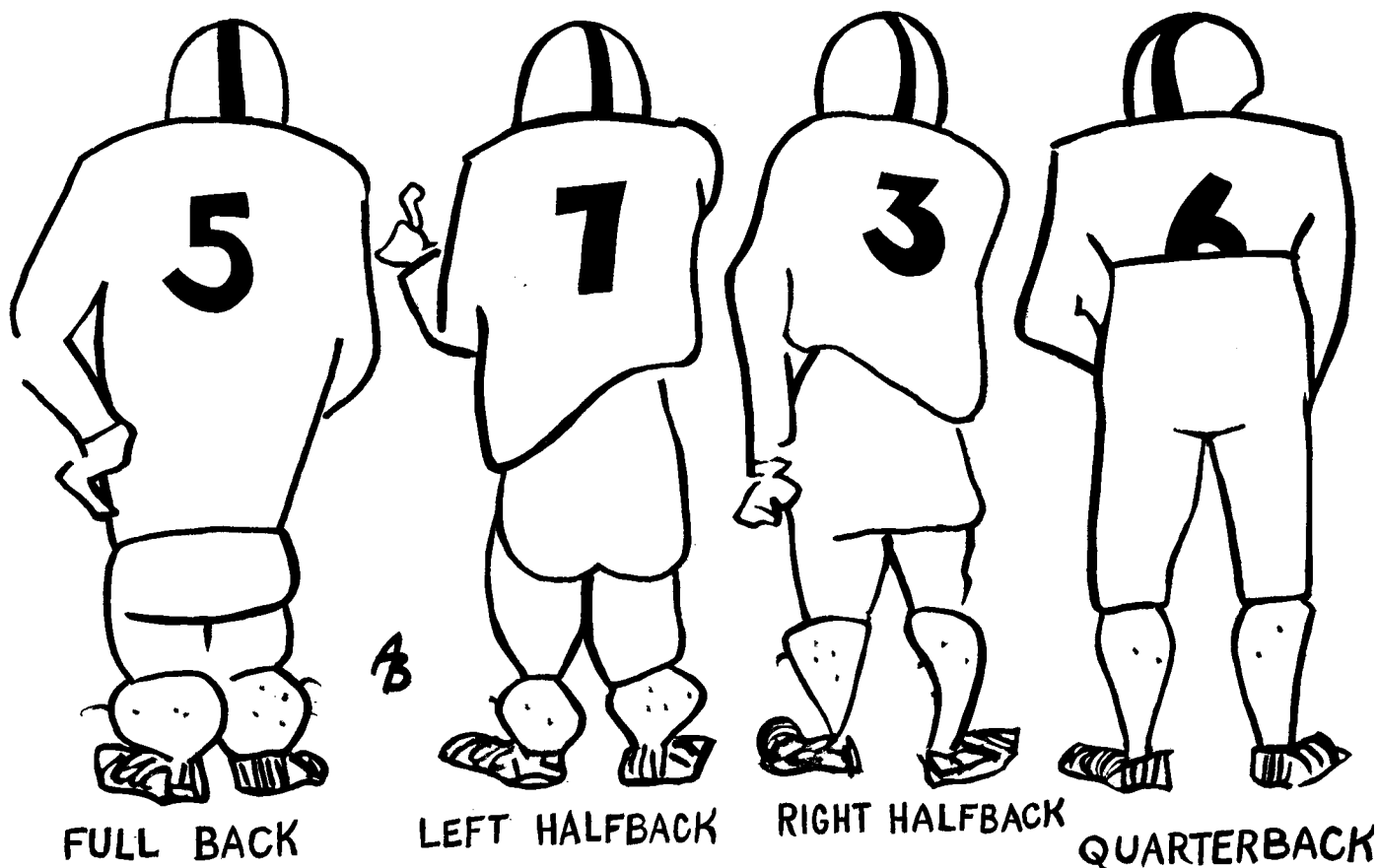
Tracing the rays from the "sun" of the statue, the first strike a large disk at the rear of the base which is labelled H. This represents the heliostat which Michelson used to reflect some of the rays from the sun onto a plane mirror labelled M on the statue. From the mirror, the

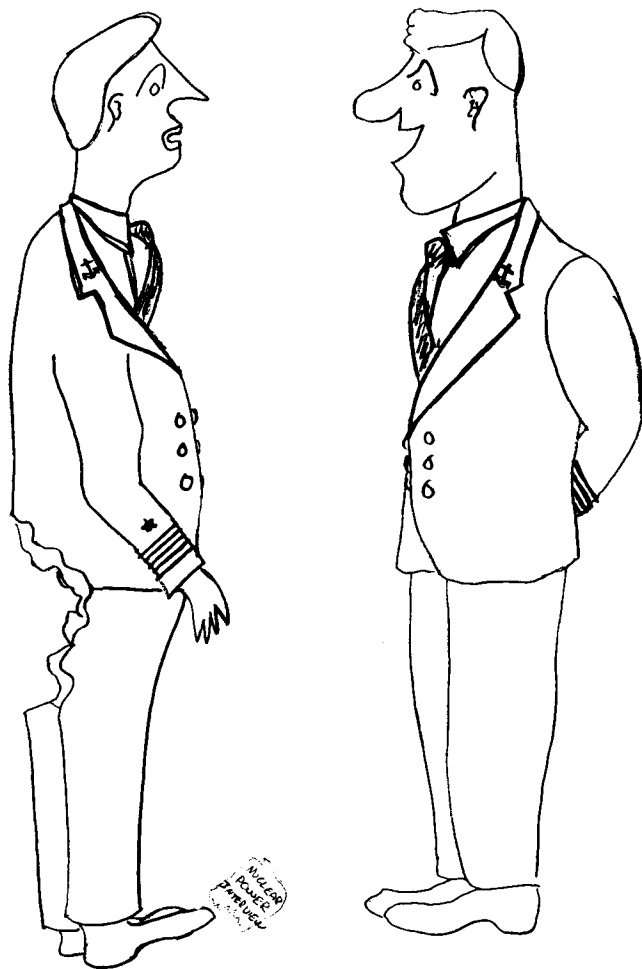
rays converge to a small hole in the base of the statue labelled S. This represents the slit that Michelson used to reduce the light to a single ray. From the slit, the ray travels to another carved disk at the forward end of the statue labelled R. This disk represents Michelson's revolving mirror. Attached to the rear "wall" of the statue is the letter E which represents the eyepiece and associated equipment that Michelson used to measure the deflection of the light off the revolving mirror.

Leaving to the Physics Dept. any attempt to explain the theory of Michelson's experiment, I have only offered an explanation for the *Mystery of Michelson*. This is by no means the only explanation . . . and who knows? Maybe it really is a Mk. 1 Mod O anti-aircraft gun.



THE BACKFIELD



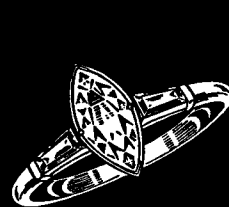
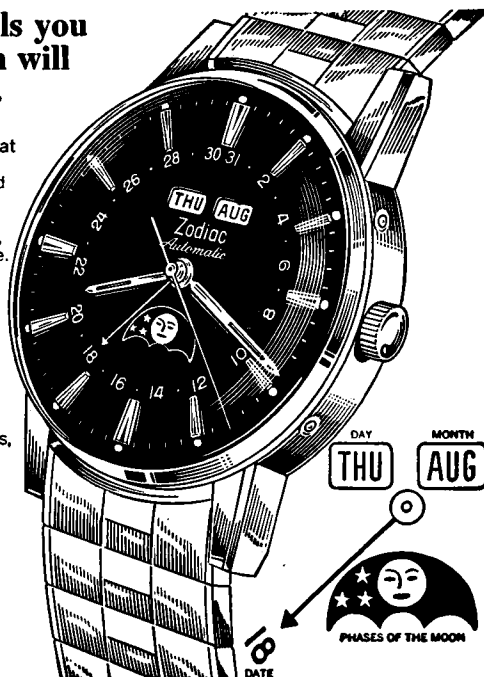


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The LOG

1/C: How's that new girl I saw you with?

Youngster: Actually she's pretty bad.

1/C: Some guys have all the luck.

BOOK REVIEW:

THE BEST OF THE WORST

In attempting to keep up with other first rate magazines the Log has decided to publish a book review similar to the top ten best sellers seen in so many current journals. However, our list has a couple of twists on the original idea in that our volumes concern only the Naval Academy. Also, these mythical selections represent what we feel would be the worst of the Best Sellers; not that they would be poorly written, but their subject matter would deal with that which is not generally recognized as the better side of the Academy.

After many hours of painstaking labor and research the designated members of the staff have finally come up with a list which we hope will bring back memories (or possibly nightmares) to most of the Brigade. Compiled by a group of revenge seeking midshipmen to let the world know their true feelings about those who have come after them with every weapon the Executive Department has at its disposal, here are our top worst sellers for the past four years.

1. *Memoirs* by Jo

Now, finally, the complete unabridged and unexpurgated, hot out of the rubbish pile, long awaited record of just what went on in his three years as mentor of thirty-third company. This set is one you should make every attempt to add to your personal collection. Highly autobiographical it gives accurate accounts of who he fried and for what and his most useful frap, with yearly totals included. Complete in every aspect, this set contains nineteen volumes.

2. *Tip of the Hat* by Matt

The official low down on just what Matt did to manage two tours at the Academy as an officer, the people he knew in key places and how he kept them happy while he devastated the hall. Includes all of his favorite teammates with a forward by one of the standouts who was known only as Meter.

3. *The Fox* by Duff

The inside out on how to fry with reckless abandon and without discrimination, where stealth and craftiness were the major tools of the trade. One of the few officers to make MVP on the executive department all three years he was here, this author will long be remembered for his ingenious and unbelievable methods. Forcefull and dynamic.

4. *Support your Local Commandant* by Seventy Different Authors

Favorite tales by men within confined walls who wrote of freedoms they dreamed and hoped for, but never attained. Heart-breaking in its presentation this book is a must for those who think they always get the bad deals.

5. *Night of the Zoo* anonymous

The complete report on where the best parties were held, who attended and how they got their kicks. The authors names are omitted to protect the innocent and guilty alike.

6. *Going Down by Elevator* anonymous

By the same author as "*Down the Shaft*" written as a final tribute to those who never got away. Lurid tales about such O.O.D.'s as the one who smiled as he asked for your chit to ride and smiled even more as you were fried. The complete mechanics of all aspects of 'vator' riding.

7. & 8. *Goodbye Annapolis* by The Academic Board *Years of Drought* from The USNA Record

Now published together for the first time, the true stories of those terrible years which saw hundreds of mids wither and fall as their only protection came from boards which were easily penetrated by a severe and long lasting draught. This is one you won't want to miss.

9. *The Baggers* by M.D.

A penetrating study of some of the greatest snow jobs ever accomplished at the academy. Complete with individual case studies, discrete comments, helpful hints and a wealth of amplifying and necessary information on how the system has been beaten. Highly illuminating and enlightening.

10. *I Am A Conduct Case* by The Editor

Needs no further explanation.

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By TERRY DAILEY

Just about every weekend, the hallowed silence of smoke hall is shattered by the moving sounds of anything from hard rock to soul, produced by one of the outstanding groups at the Naval Academy. A wide variety of talented young men, disguised as rosy-cheeked, shoe-shined, all-American boys during the week, come to life as the *Jaygees*, the *Articles Adrift*, the *Outriggers*, or the *Spiffies* to provide plenty of outstanding popular music for the weekly informals.

The *Articles Adrift* add a great light show to their performance. Light man Doug Bond does a terrific job co-ordinating the multicolored lights with the driving, hard rock which the group puts out. Lead singer Joe Davalio and drummer Jack Messimer, two first classmen from the disbanded *Admiralty*, stuck together, looked around for some more talent, and came up with a really turned on group. Bob Hamilton, 2/c, and Bob Canna, 3/c, alternate on the lead and rhythm guitars as well as backing up Joe on the vocals. Steve Mossman, 4/c, rounds out the group on the bass guitar. Although the *Articles Adrift* put out some good psychedelic sounds, they like to stick mainly to hard rock. They are particularly fond of the style of *Credence*, and *Crosby, Stills and Nash*. While these groups are better known for their big hits, the *Articles* try to play their lesser known sounds as well. One of their better numbers is "With a Little Help from my Friends," done in the style of Joe Cocker, who was a big hit up at Woodstock this summer. The group doesn't stick completely to Smoke Hall. They have played for some company hayrides which, according to Joe Davalio, were not only a big success, but a lot of fun.

The *Outriggers*, another rock band, is presently engaged in finding a new name to fit what the group's leader, John Porter, calls their "new image of a hard

jamming pop band that's easy to dance to." John, a secondclassman, is the only original *Outtrigger* left in the group. He started out his plebe year as a rhythm guitarist, but now handles a mean lead guitar. The group's lead singer is Dave Bolduc, 2/c, who digs everything from *Three Dog Night* and *Led Zeppelin* to calling signals for the 150's. John and Dave are joined by another classmate, Fred Ziska, who they claim is the best sax in the brigade. Fred likes the style of Jr. Walker, and when he's not grooving to his sound, he's out knocking heads with the Big Blue. The class of '72 is represented by Tim Holden on the drums, Alan Kraft on the bass guitar, and Bob Leib on the organ, Al loves the soul sound but is moving along with the group to contemporary blues and rock. Bob, famous for his rendition of "Spinner's Song," likes to play in the style of the *Steve Miller Blues Band*.

The biggest, if not in popularity, in number, group in the brigade are the *Jaygees*, Navy's contribution to soul, specializing in the old and new *Temptations*. Firsties Tony Watson and Leo Williams handle the chores of lead singers, backed up by classmates Bert Freeman of pep rally fame, and Bobby Woo and youngster Cliff Files. Leo does a lot of David Ruffin while Bobby likes the sounds of James Brown. Behind these fine vocalists are Dean Knuth, 1/c, the group's leader and organist, Lucius, "Small Tick," Acuff, 1/c, on the sax, Stan Mahoney, 2/c, on the drums, youngsters Jimmy Lewis and Loyd Swift on the lead and bass guitars, and Tom Repeta and John Dentler, blowing their trumpets. The *Jaygees* are just about a year old this week, as they made their debut at last year's Army pep rally. Since then, their popularity has soared. Playing at the College of New Rochelle in New York a few weeks ago, they more than doubled the attendance record. Maybe everyone wanted to see a real live Middy, but more than likely they wanted to hear the great sound of some very talented guys.

Last, but not least, are the *Spiffies*. Under the direction of their talented drummer, Mike May, the group sticks mainly to what they call "new sounds," cuts from albums which they think are good, but not too many people hear. With youngsters Neil Clements on the lead guitar and Steve Bisceglia on bass, and secondclassmen Bob Wilson and Roger Young singing, the *Spiffies* play the rock sounds of such groups as *Credence* and the *Iron Butterfly*. Though they don't usually perform with lights, they have a big light show planned for the Army-Navy Informal up in Philly this year.

All these groups deserve a lot of credit for the time and energy they put in perfecting their own personal sound. Why not drop by Smoke Hall some weekend and hear for yourself.

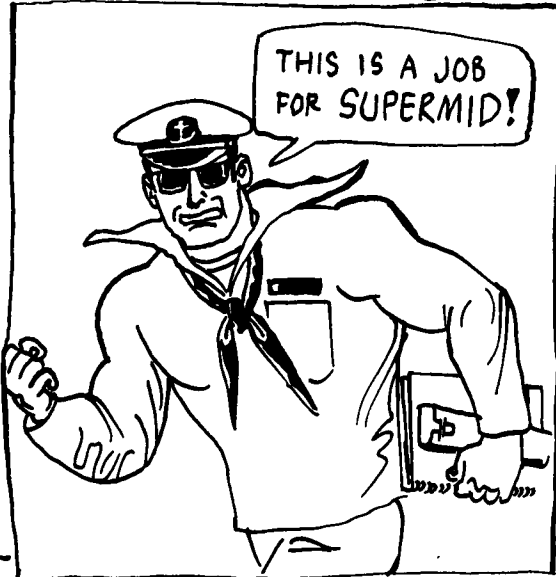
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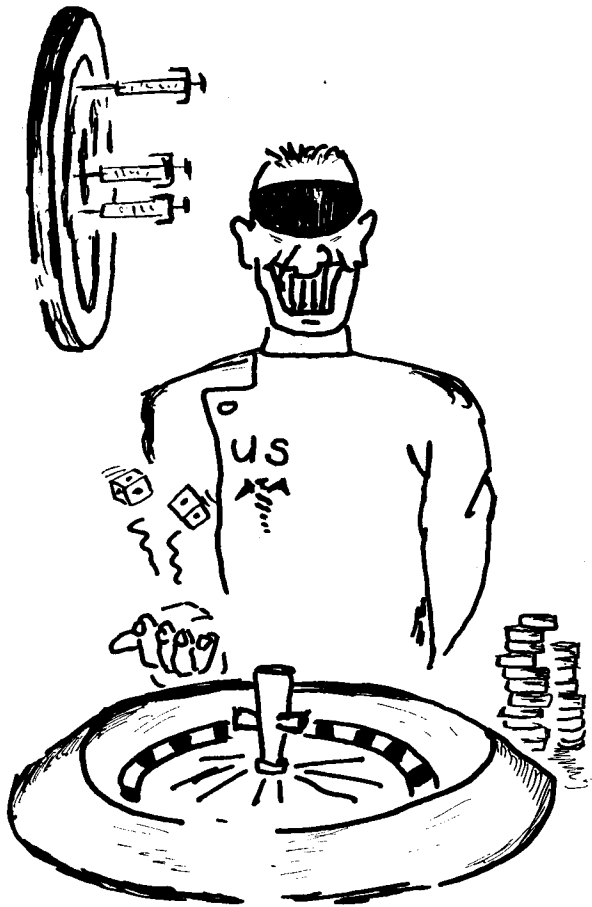
SUPERMID^{by Golez '70}



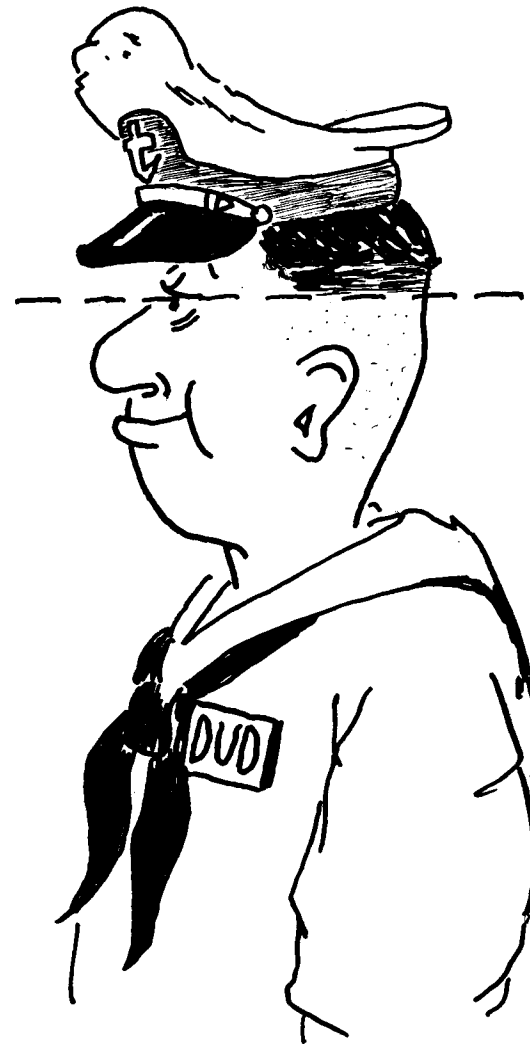
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AN OBSERVATION.

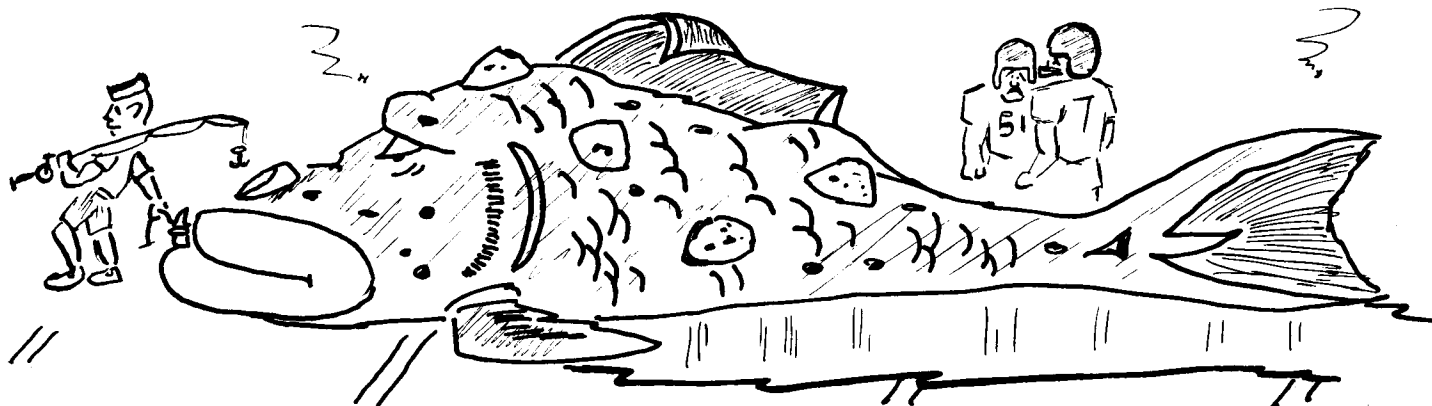
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THE GOVERNING DOCTRINE OF MIDSHIPMAN
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OFFICIALDOM.



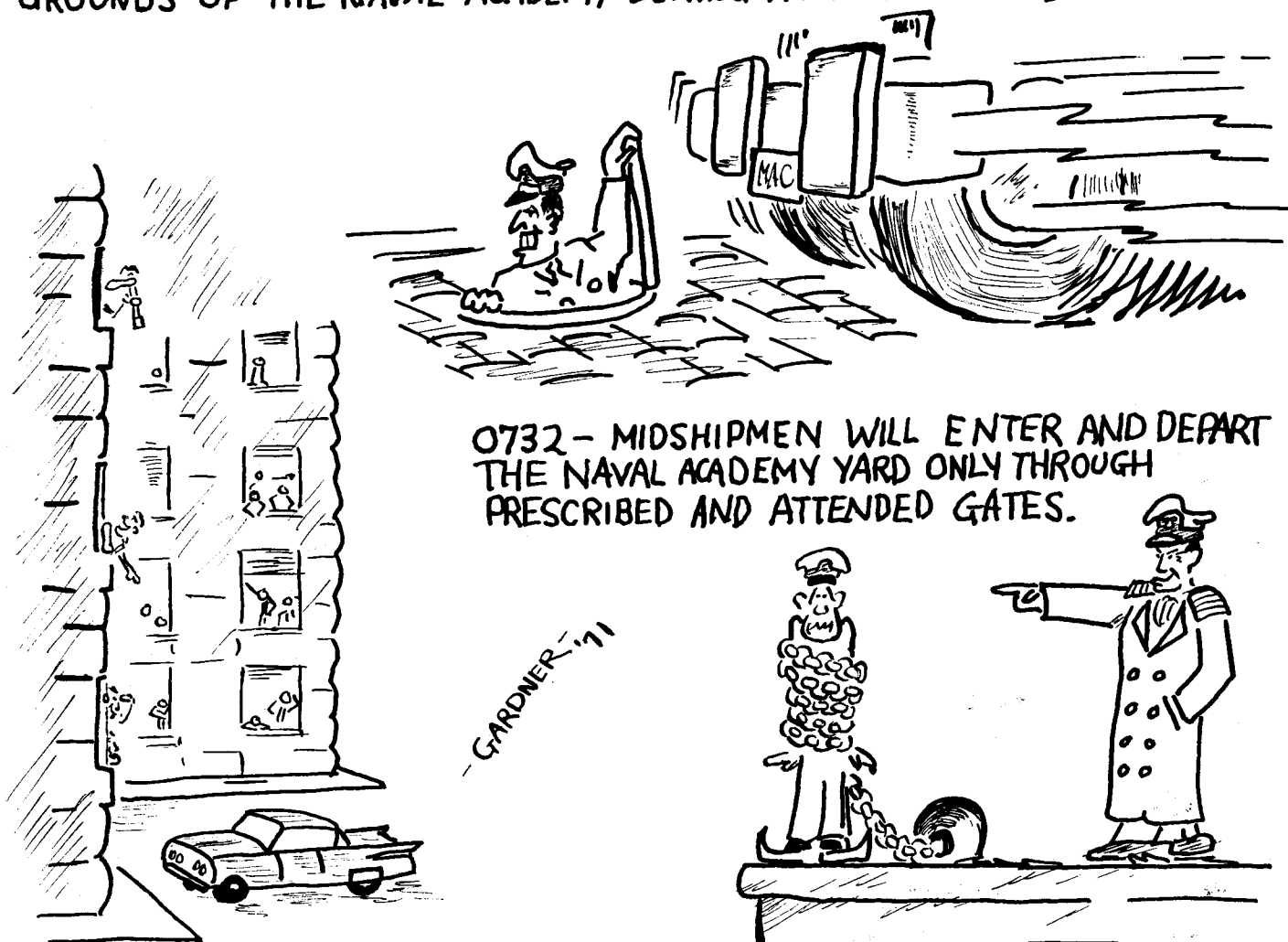
0709- MIDSHIPMEN WILL
HAVE NO FINANCIAL
DEALINGS WITH ENLISTED
MEN OF THE ARMED FORCES.



0720- THE HAIR OF MIDSHIPMEN
SHALL NOT EXCEED 3 INCHES. SIDEBURNS
SHALL NOT BE BELOW THE EYE
LEVEL.



0731 - MIDSHIPMEN MAY FISH FROM THE SEA WALL WITHIN THE GROUNDS OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY DURING AUTHORIZED... LIBERTY HOURS.

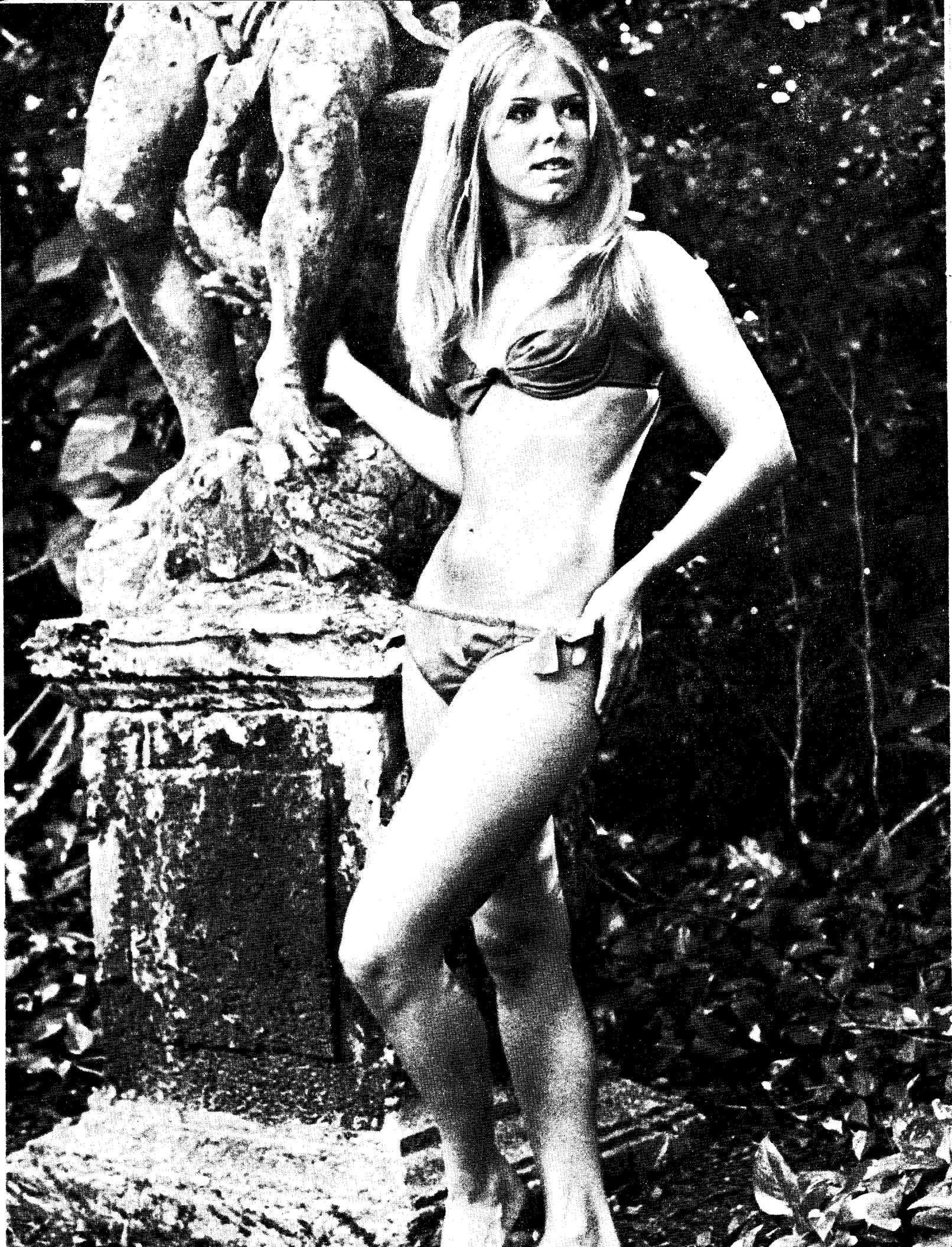


0732 - MIDSHIPMEN WILL ENTER AND DEPART THE NAVAL ACADEMY YARD ONLY THROUGH PRESCRIBED AND ATTENDED GATES.

- GARDNER '71

0722 - MIDSHIPMEN WILL NOT SIT IN OR LOITER AROUND PARKED AUTOMOBILES WITH YOUNG LADIES.

0719 - MIDSHIPMEN WILL NOT VENTURE ON THE ICE OF CHESAPEAKE BAY... EXCEPT THOSE SPECIFICALLY AUTHORIZED BY THE COMMANDANT OF MIDSHIPMEN.





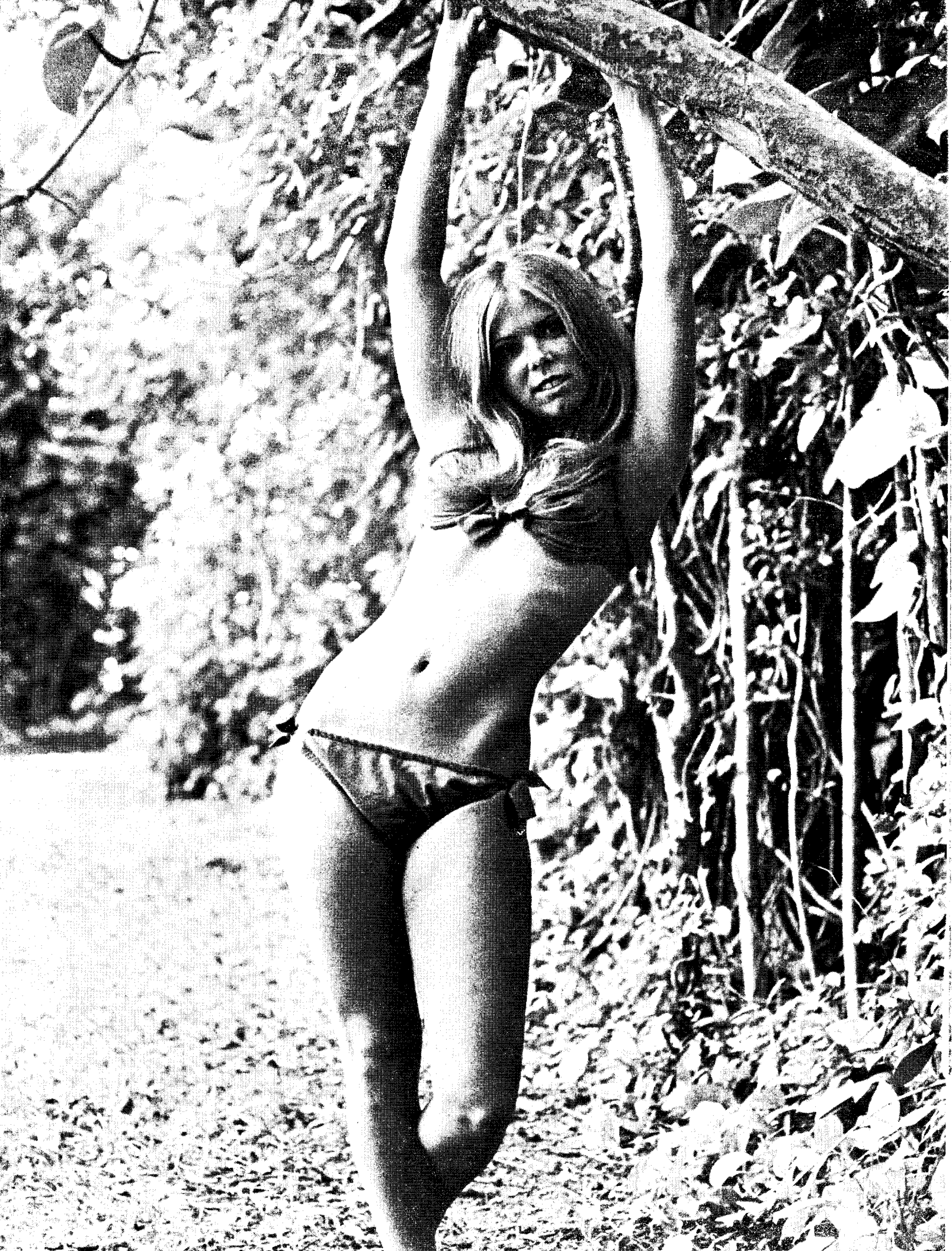
In this issue for Drag of the Month we feature Miss Diane Peterson whose best description is excitement. She came to the LOG via the Miss Naval Contest, and photographer Greg Morris, who was in Miami for the football game. 19 years old and a coed at U. of Miami she is an ardent fan of horseback riding, acting and modern dance. She races her '68 Vet when the opportunity arises.





Shown here enjoying the Miami sunshine Diane explained that all of her time is not spent having fun. Quite serious toward a career in either acting or dancing she spends several hours a week practicing both.









I owe the Brigade an apology for not putting in an appearance last issue. When I reported to my Editor's room, article in hand, I was informed, in a less than pleasant manner, that I had missed my deadline. I admit that I was somewhat taken aback at this, but I accepted it, in spite of the fact that I feel that the situation was not entirely my fault.

The two-week period prior to my deadline was one of pure misery, unequalled by any other such period of time in my life. My body and mind had been subjected to an unrelenting onslaught, leaving me but a shadow of my former, active self. The Perpetrator-in-Charge of these totally unwarranted attacks was the resident committee of Ward Hall. Such a compassionless collection of automatons I have never before encountered; and, therefore, I was woefully unprepared for the perils and pitfalls which they had prepared for me. I would be quite interested to discover the identity of the genius who decreed that being a Firstie conferred upon me status as an expert on analog computers, differential equations, Laplace transforms, and all those other items of sorcery we are required to use whether or not we know what they are.

Trailing the Weapons Department, but biting(?) almost as badly, on the list of my assailants, has been the Physical Destruction Department, and especially, their 40-hour swim (although the mile run and the Harvard Step Test were almost equally entertaining). Immediately coming to mind is the

image of a certain Varsity Soccer Coach whose body I would not mind dumping into Navy's private Arctic Ocean for 40 minutes of treading water while fifteen to twenty vicious First Classmen made valiant efforts to dismember or drown him. In conjunction with the swim is one small item which has been bothering me. Who was responsible for the arbitrary decision that the Class of 1970 is a better group of swimmers than previous classes, to the tune of four laps over a 40-minute period? I now request a moment of silence in honor of those Firsties who were not four laps better.

Word has also reached me that another old friend of mine, formerly a Third Battalion Company Officer, and now the Duty Bootlicker to the Commandant, has been acting up again. Despite the changes in the system, whereby the OOW's are no longer the same menaces that they once were, some personalities just cannot keep their names and faces out of the spotlight. For example, the "Major Offenders" were providing some outstanding sounds for the hop on 11 October, and our friendly, sociable Lieutenant visited the scene several times in his capacity as AOOW. When "Proud Mary" was played, though, his instincts got the better of him. He began by softly tapping out the beat on his sword, but by the time the song was over, his whole body was gyrating. To be perfectly honest, I didn't think he had it in him, and I would have been inclined to doubt the whole story, had it not been for the following incident.

It seems that a group of Mids invited the Lieutenant to a party they were having. His ego was given quite a boost (as if it needed one) when all of the girls at the party asked him to dance (for some reason, he didn't bring his wife). One of the girls asked why he got to be the Company Officer instead of one of the *other* Mids! At this point her date said something to the effect of, "he graduated at least ten years ago." That deflated him just a little, since it was more on the order of seven years, but one of the other girls saved the day for him by saying that he didn't look over twenty-five at the outside (which is true; he and a certain Second Battalion Jarhead have the same problem). Thanks and a tip of the corroded gold (Salty) braid to "a friend."

Some people never do get the word. For example, we have been told several times since the beginning of the year of the concept of the "shadow command," and slack from the OOW's office. In support of these idealistic goals, Lt. W. was patrolling the decks during study hour one night a while back when he accosted an offending Second Classman in the passageway. His complaint? "Mister, your klax are too loud!" However, in his attempt at an effective "on-the-spot" correction, he failed to come up with any constructive suggestions as to how this deficiency could be done away with. It seems to me that affairs in the hall are at an all time low ebb when all an OOW can find to complain about is the loudness of a pair of klax.

The 6th Company has been well

represented in my mailbox recently, thanks primarily to the efforts of their Company Officer. The following was received from an alert messenger in the Main Office when Lt. L. had the guard as AOW one night. It seems that the Lt. developed rather intense hunger pangs while watching the tube, so what did he do? Did he go down to the Steerage in search of sustenance? Of course not. He simply sent out for three hot dogs from his company's hot dog mess. Got to keep it in the family, right?

While standing CMOD in his Company area, a 6th Company Youngster heard the telephone ring in the Lt.'s office. Upon answering it, he heard a voice on the other end say, "This is Capt. Burton. Is the *Grape* there?" The mate's startled reply was, "Pardon me, Sir?" Capt. B then corrected himself by saying, "Er, ah, . . . , I mean Lt. L." Now where in the world would such an unprepossessing officer receive a nickname like the *Grape*? The matter definitely calls for further research.

I never cease to be amazed at the ingenuity which can be displayed on occasion by Midshipmen. One of my classmates came up with a unique solution to a sometimes difficult problem. He and his roommate had been saving string since Plebe Year, and they finally decided they really should do something with it. So, one of them took the string to the beach in the form of a ball. He had his girl with him, and when they arrived at the beach, he told her to take the ball down the beach with her, unrolling it as she went. They were about a mile from each other when she reached the end of it, but it didn't take her very long to get back to her Mid when she found the engagement ring in the center of the ball. If you can't think of a verbal way to propose, I guess you can't really beat his method.

Dan Ellison has told me the sad story of two of his classmates in his company who had the following miscarriage of justice inflicted upon them on an hour-long sea Power test: "Summarize the strategy by which the Federal forces defeated the Confederacy during the War Between the States. Use specific examples to clarify your an-

swer." Anyone who has written their Doctoral thesis on this topic is requested to contact Section 0101.

A recent report from Philadelphia has rekindled my dying interest in this year's Brigade Informal. It seems that Old Thunderthighs, in Philly to check on arrangements for the victory get-together, decided to do some recruiting for the corps of stag girls. In line with this plan, her first stop was at a movie theater. The feature of the day? It was a new Swedish film, destined to become one of the classics of the Silver Screen: *Fanny Hill*!!! If nothing else, I'm glad to see that she is making an attempt to gain insight into Midshipman tastes.

Normally, I attempt to remain as objective as possible when reporting the indiscretions of our superiors, and any editorializing which I might indulge in is, in a majority of cases, in jest. However, a recent incident which took place at the Virginia game, cannot, in my opinion, be reported objectively. It seems that no one had the foresight to bring Dodo to the game, so, as he usually does in such cases, he came over on his own, arriving sometime around halftime. At this time, he was spotted by the OOD, for whose precise thinking and good judgment, I now have less respect for than ever. The OOW ordered his mate to shut Dodo in a car until the game was over. I would like to bring out the fact that Dodo has been present at every home football game since my Youngster year, and has yet to set foot on the field, except for the purpose of leading the Brigade into the stadium. He is, perhaps, the most docile, well-behaved dog I have ever seen. Such, however, is not the case with our new, appointed-in-absentia, "Brigade Dog," Larry (even the name connotes evil). To reach in Larry's direction for the purpose of petting him is to take the chance of drawing back a bloody stump, or less. In addition, he is far from docile, running through Battalion Commanders like the Executive Department runs through Major Offenders (no pun intended). All of this would not be so bad, were it not for the fact that Larry has been forced upon us; we had no say in the matter of his adoption. Instead, out

of courtesy to our beloved previous Commandant, we have had to merely accept him. To me, this is merely an extension of what Jack Flanagan commented on in the last issue; that is, the legislation of the Brigade's spirit. To be an effective symbol of spirit, a mascot must possess spontaneity, and be universally accepted, as was the original Bill, and, in more recent years, Dodo. This is not to say that Larry will not, or cannot, become an accepted member of the Brigade; given time, he almost certainly will be. But to shut Dodo off, and to replace him at the game with Larry, wearing Dodo's "Bite Army" blanket, strikes me as an affront to the intelligence of the Brigade.

Now that I have completed my diatribe, I will get down to the business at hand, reporting the facts, slanted though they may be. It is only fitting that I commence with a report on the recent appearance of one of my old Executive Department friends on national television. Members of the First Class in 33 were taken slightly aback one night when their old Company Officer appeared on *Truth or Consequences*. There, in all his glory, at rigid attention in his freshly pressed grey suit was Jo-Jo. The three upper classes can testify to the fact that never before in the history of the Executive Department has there been a man of such professional competence and endowed with such unparalleled leadership ability. It is with supreme regret that I must report that the academic departments were assailing my body that night, and I was unable to witness the spectacle.

Another incident involving a Mid and his drag is worth relating. The two of them were standing outside the Main Office when the girl picked up a copy of *All Hands* magazine. Pointing to the title, she said, "They must have been talking about you!" That shows class, it really does. It isn't bad enough that we catch gass all week, but our girls hand it out on the weekends. There is never any slack.

I received an interesting note concerning 9th Company's "Dirty Dozen + 2." When this illustrious group of Second Class entered 29th Company during Plebe Summer,

there were forty of them. Only twelve of the original forty remain, but three men have been added from other companies. Unfortunately, one of those three also quit, and therefore, their nickname. Word has it that they are even considering getting an out-of-company Company Commander next year. I can see how a group like that could become a legend like that in their own time; that is, if there is anyone left to pass on the story.

The Freshman Class has not been devoid of its usual fine performances. Consider the case of the Plebe (?) who never knew which shoes he would wear to noon meal until he lined them all up in a row and picked out the best two. According to his squad leader, he has yet to wear two shoes for the same foot to formation, but the year isn't over yet.

Then there was the Frosh who was told to find out about the insignia worn on a Marine's cap. The young lad was quite anxious to

expound on the subject at the following noon meal, but he blew it by stating that the insignia was called a hydrofoil. I guess that's why Marines are so good at amphibious operations: they skim across the water on their hydrofoils.

It's obvious that the academic prowess of our Pledges is improving. A group of Second Classmen were playing baseball with a Plebe one Saturday when the young genius came up with, "Sir, what is the formula for the moment of inertia of a solid sphere?!" For that brilliancy, the Plebe was rewarded with permission to brace up until Third Class graduation.

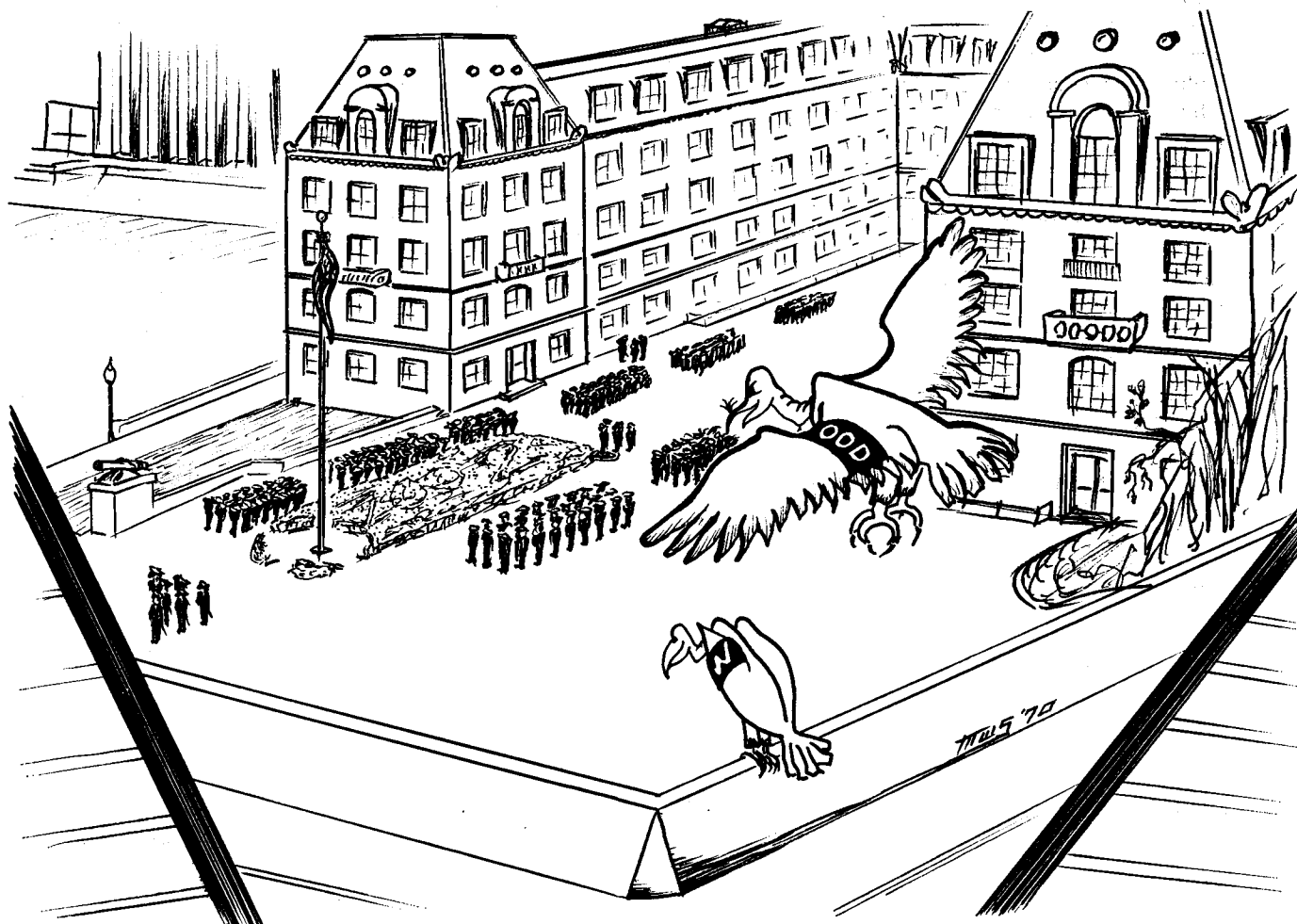
These guys can even get in trouble with wipe-it-offs. When told to do so, one Plebe replied, "Hell on the Hudson; Damn the Class of '33." When asked by the Firstie, "Why 44 $\frac{3}{4}$?" the Plebe came back with, "Listen up stupid; I said 33!" Nothing further has been heard from our friend, except that he has been making daily visits to

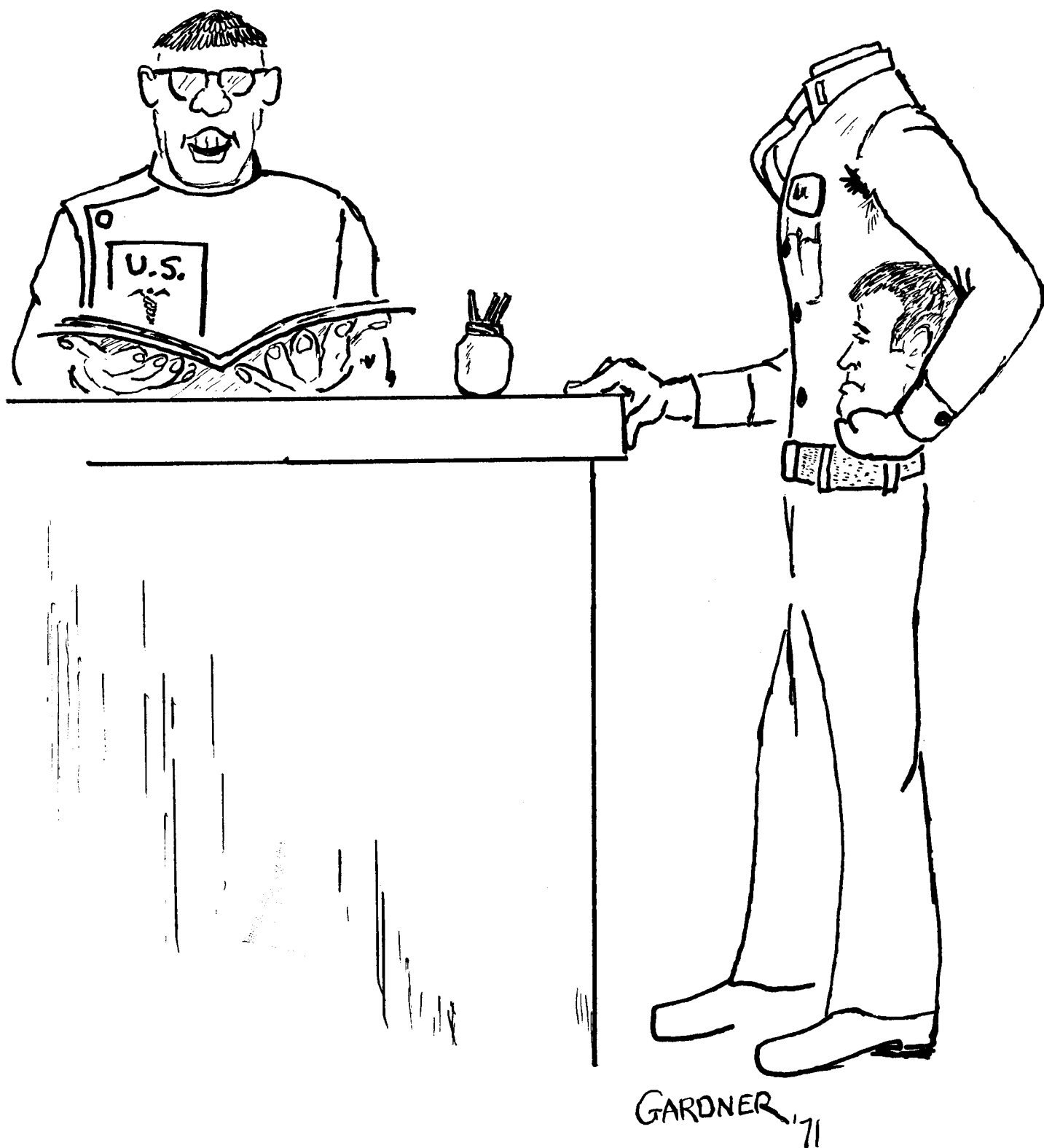
the Sanitation Department.

I have been very gratified to learn that my clues to my identity have not fallen on deaf ears. The Marine Corps representative to the Bull Department, Major Albans, made a good guess based on one of them, but, unfortunately, Stan Weeks is *not* Salty Sam. Like I said though, it was a good guess. Now it's up to you to figure out why, Major. I would try to bring your clue closer to home, but that could be dangerous.

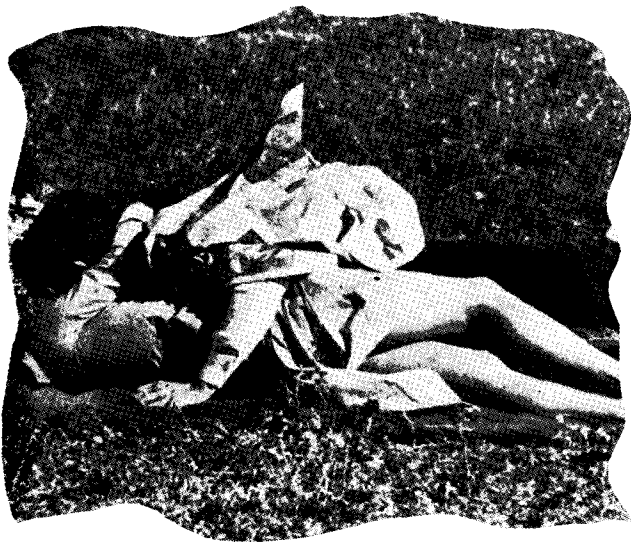
I managed to pass my flight physical, in spite of having my retinas scorched by that laser beam they were using. It's really a good feeling to have the doctor tell you that your eyes are good, and then to trip over his desk on the way out because you couldn't see it.

Until next issue, I leave you with the following thought: "Since night is lasting longer on campus, less eyes use morning's arrogant sun to rise early, before out reveille."





Sorry, doctor won't be in 'til 8 o'clock.



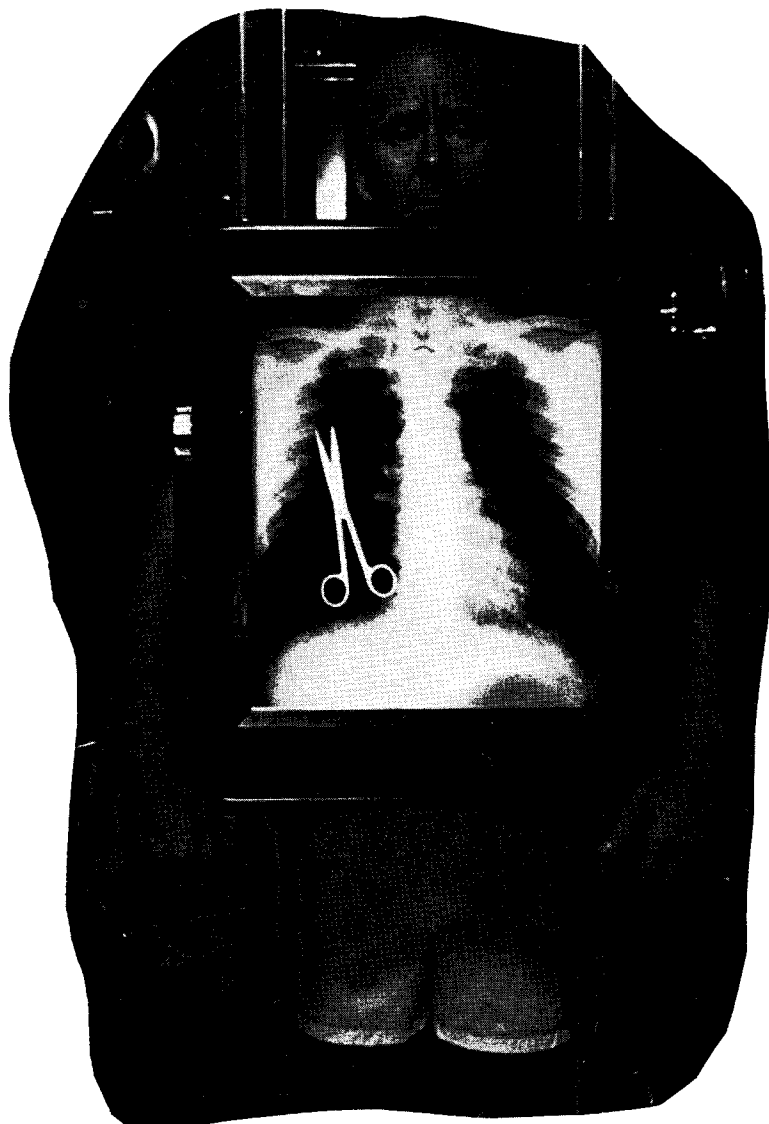
Midshipmen will be poised socially, and will be able to handle any situation which may arise.



Naw, I'd say just an average tea fight.



Work diligently and with integrity — you'll always get your reward.



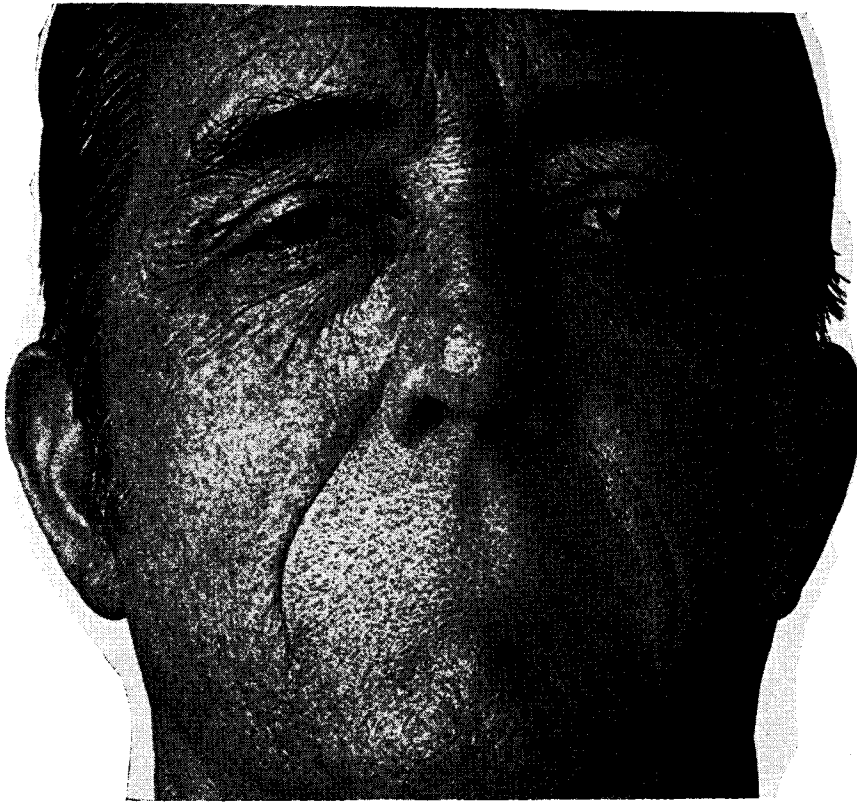
Get me a steward's chit.



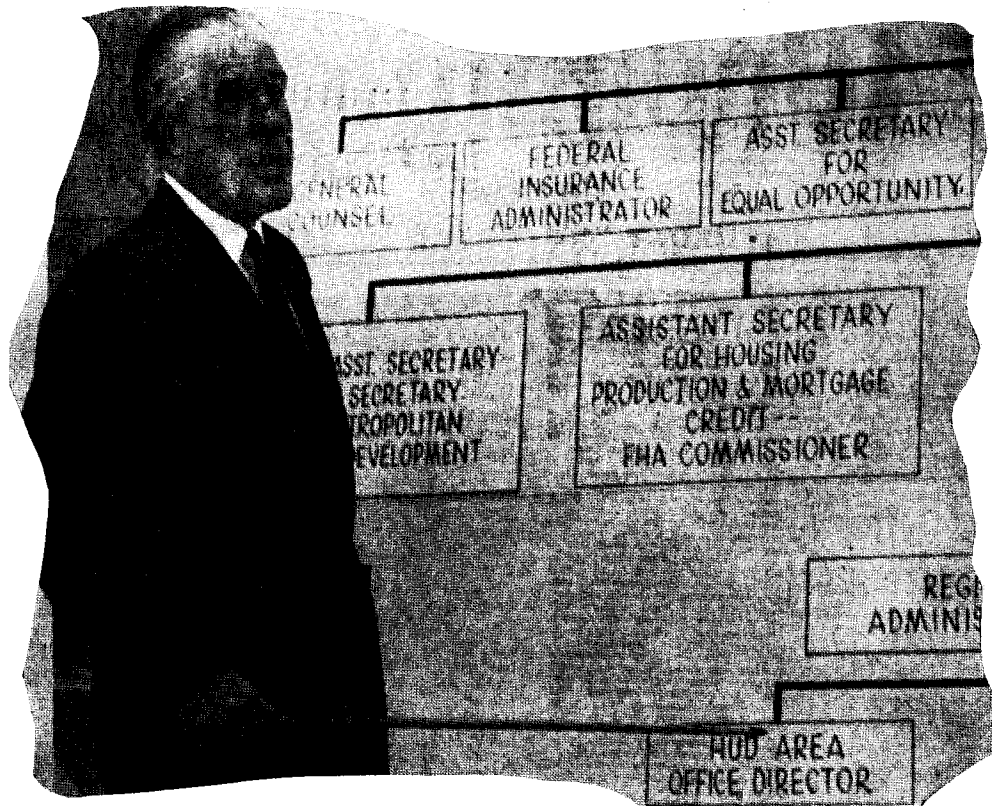
If you want to think of it as an Irish pennant, wait 'til you're at 20,000 feet before you pull it off.

What a mother thinks when her daughter dates a Mid.



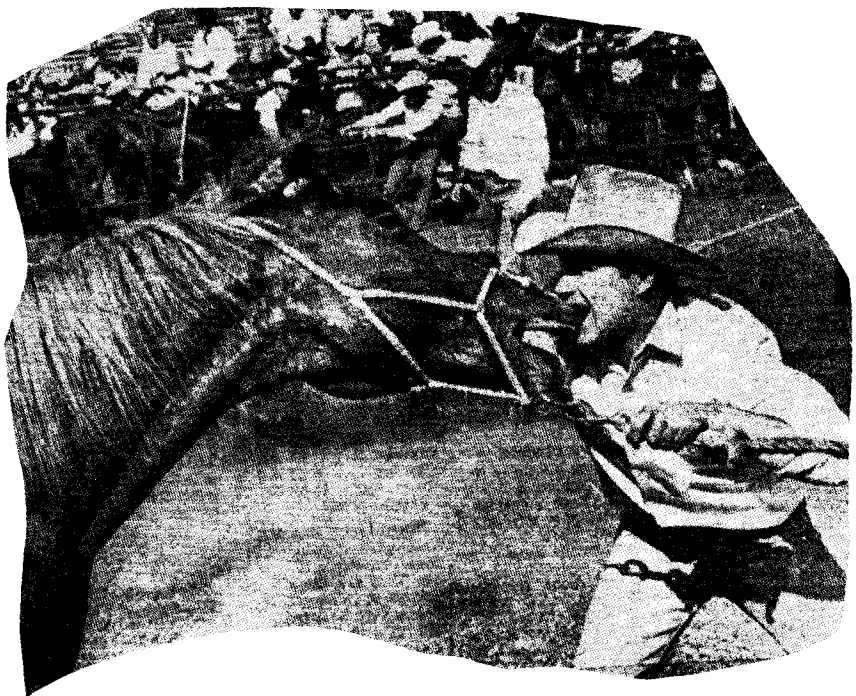


Wipe it off.



This man will have nothing to do, but that's politics.

USNA hard-nosed policies.



Iron clad! sir?



“You should see the rest of him!”

FALL INTRAMURAL CHAMPIONS



First Company and E. C. Bermudes were volleyball champs all.

Photos by Bill McMenamin

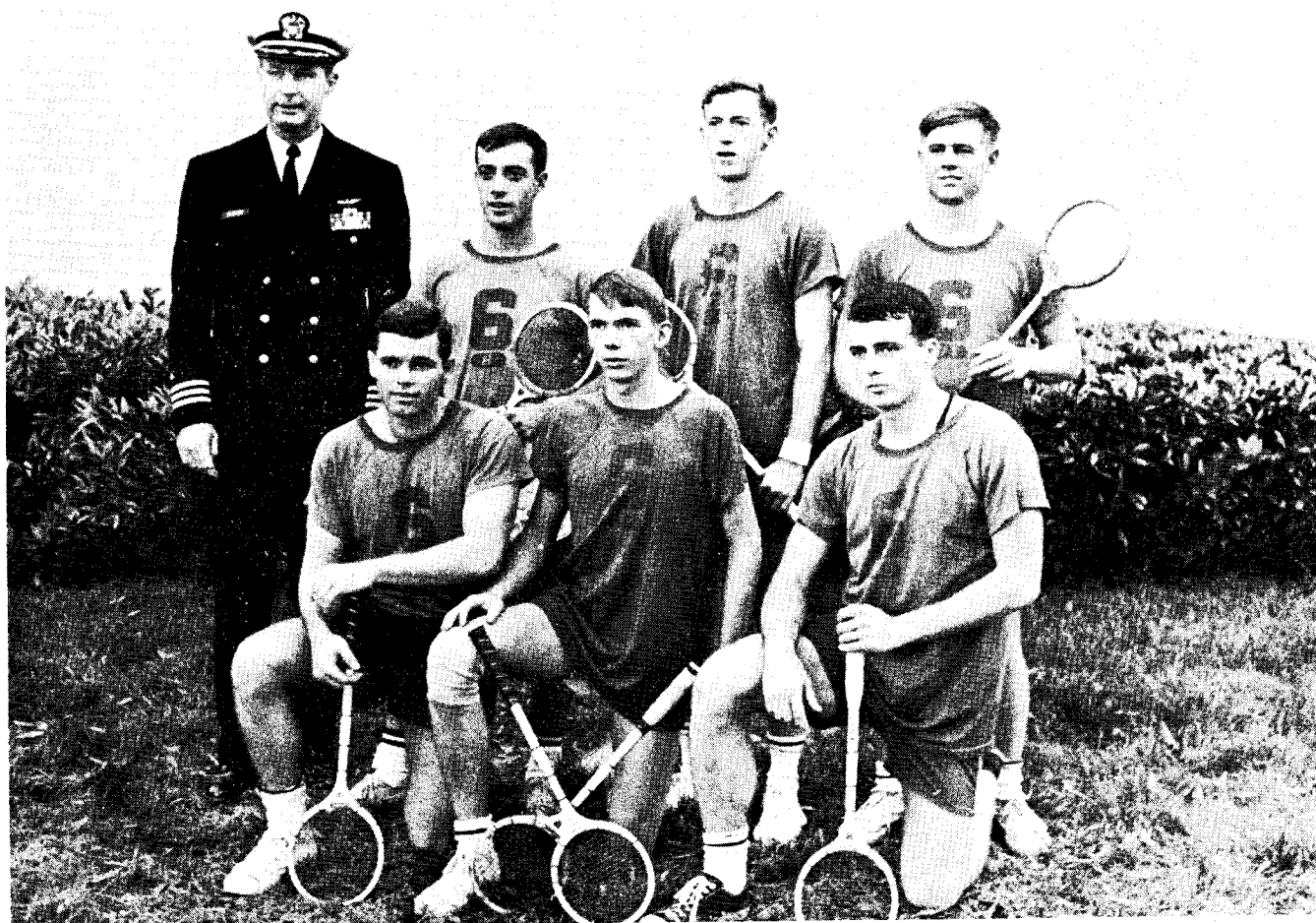
It took the 4th Batt. to win swimming with Jack Dodd.





The First Batt. fencing champs coached by Burt Freeman.

The Sixth Batt. squash champs coached by Dan Ellison.





The 3rd Batt. tennis team coached by Wayne Wolfe.

Wally Merrick coached the 35th Co. to a soccer championship.





The 6th Batt. won the wrestling championships led by Jack Pohl.

The basketball champs were the 6th Batt. and Bill Schmermund.





Danny Murphy and the 6th Batt. won the boxing championships.

Handball went to the 4th Batt. and Chet Shorts.



WHAT IS ARMY?

By H. Keith Haires, II '68

Last summer while waiting in a bus station, I started talking to an elderly woman. When she discovered that I was a midshipman and played football for the academy she said; "I don't know much about football, but I have seen the Army-Navy game on television. I have heard so much about it. What is it really like?" In many ways I felt inadequate to answer her question, for "Army" is many things to many people. Also to explain to her if not to justify or rationalize for myself the differences between what ARMY can and should be and what sometimes it is allowed to become. I attempted to convey the hopes, joys, and plans to her and it came out something like this.

What is ARMY I had been asked,
for my answer I looked to the past;
and tried to congregate the feelings of joy, love and
hate.

For each mid has his own perspective of that day,
though some are basically the same you say,
there are the feelings of hope, pride and anticipation
that are common to the mids from across the nation-
Yet to each son of "Mother B"
there is some aspect only he can see.
For ARMY is something far more than a game,
played just for the players for national fame.

ARMY is a way of life, a hope, a dream, a prayer,
A goal to aspire to, a reality to prepare.
ARMY is a dream composed and translated to being
by perspiration, preparation, and believing.

Army is a trust, the proverbial "must",
that is so lacking in our world today.
For many are wary and often query:
"How can such trivia, be so important,"

"It's only a game and will pass;
for nothing will ever last.
For like the ancient dreamers, the Spartans, who
when the mother gave her son his shield with the
slogan
'Behind it or on it' you dream and aspire;
They are gone and so shall you transpire."

But the world is not dead nor neither is God
and though our battleground be lime and sod,
we pledge ourself to victory and score,
like the men who went before.
The absolutes of life are there, but only for the ones
who care.

ARMY is a symbol to the world and nation
of standards and principles of a lofty station.
Desire, brotherhood, and never yielding,
"All In the State of Mind" unwielding.

ARMY is four thousand in eleven,
One hope, one purpose, the literal personification of
spirit.
A faith, belief, and a trust in ones friend and self.
A belief in Pride, Brotherhood and the wonderful
abstracts
that compose the essence of life.

ARMY is freedom, ARMY is a weekend away from
the worries
and trials of Mother B. ARMY is the buildup the week
before the game,

ARMY is the realization of that long awaited dream.
The image that has been captured longingly in the
picture
on your desk has now been translated into a living
form,
The voice is no longer over the telephone, and the kiss
and the smile are no longer imagined but reality.

To some, ARMY is a loud night with many people and
a big party
to others its a quiet night with just two or a few
friends.

To some ARMY is a long awaited drink or time to
forget about
the demands of everyday life;
But to all it is a time to be remembered
ARMY is happiness, pain, and joy. All the emotions
of mankind rolled into a short weekend.

To a football player Army is the height, the epitome,
the challenge, the goal. ARMY is sweating through
the hell of the August two-a-days and standing and
practicing in the cold rainstorms and snowstorms of
November and October. Army is going back to your
room bruised and battered and living for the next day
to pass-one less till ARMY! ARMY is aching and
wanting.

Army is going back every day and every time whether
success or failure had been obtained on the last play,
day,
game, or life. ARMY is pushups and jumping jacks on
the rolling deck of a destroyer. ARMY is a prayer
every night and one less day to attain it. 365 is a long
way,
ARMY is your classmates and friends deadening your
hearing and ears with yells of support.

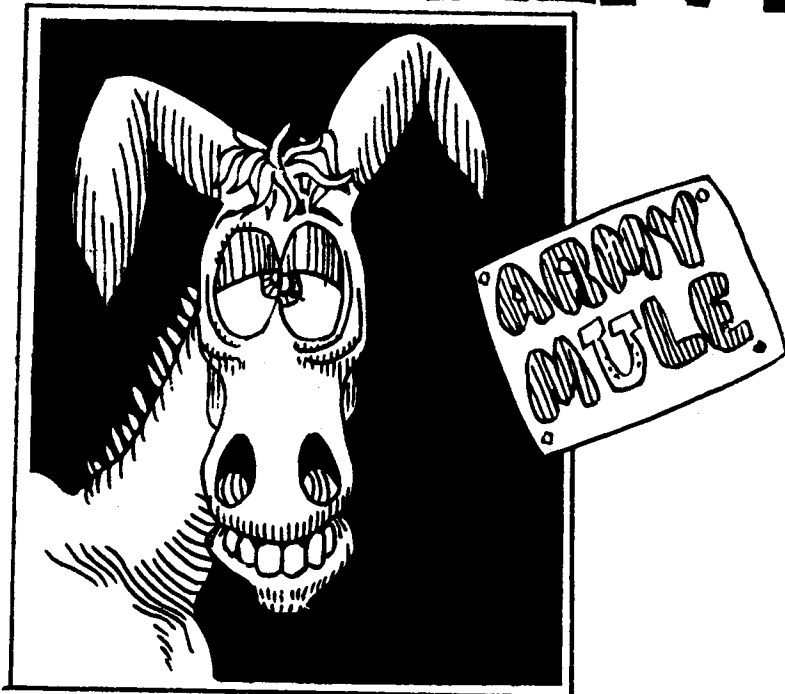
ARMY is an N-star and happiness.

ARMY is Saturday!!!!!!

BEAT ARMY

WANTED

DEAD OR ALIVE



PREFERABLY DEAD

Send to: **REWARD ~ 19¢/LB.**

BRIGADE of MIDSHIPMEN
annapolis, md.

GREAT RIVALRIES:

ARMY VS. NAVY

THE HIGHEST DRAMA IN THIS CLASSIC SERIES CAME IN '46, WHEN NAVY NEARLY UPSET UNBEATEN ARMY

By Jack Zanger

Ed. Note: This article is reprinted with the permission of the publisher of Sport Magazine. It appeared in the Oct. 69 issue of Sport. Vol. 48, No. 4.

Before the 1961 Army-Navy game, President John F. Kennedy sent a letter to both academies, which began: "It is easy to pick the real winner of the annual Army-Navy football game: the people of the United States." Of all the words, pictures and unforgettable moments conjured up by this great series since it began in 1890, the President's message probably best crystallizes what the Army-Navy game is all about. It's the people's game.

Sure, the admirals strut and the generals salute; the brigade of midshipmen sings *Anchors Aweigh* and the corps of cadets whistles *On, Brave Old Army Team*; Navy's mascot goat and Army's mascot mule stand snout to snout, egged on by cheerleaders; the VIPs, from the President on down to the lowliest congressman, get the best seats; and the pregame parade and the halftime hijinks drape the whole spectacle in vivid red, white and blue. But behind it all is a nation of civilians. "The game is as typically American as the Fourth of July," says Leon Bramlett, who starred for Navy at end in the series' most memorable battle, the 1946 game.

The series has been interrupted four times: in 1894-1898 by an edict of the presidential cabinet; in 1909 due to the death of an Army player; in 1917-1918 because of World War I, and in 1928-1929, when the two academies squabbled about eligibility requirements. But in all the other years the games have been stacked, one upon the other, to build the fiercest, most colorful, most enduring of all football rivalries. And one of the most closely matched. Army has won 33 times, Navy 30, and there have been six ties.

The first game was played because the naval cadets (as the Middies were called then) wanted to show off their seasoned football team and prove their superiority over their counterparts at West Point. Army didn't have a football team at the time, and a cadet named Dennis Michie probably was only one of two or three cadets who ever had played the game. Still, Michie assembled the best athletes he could find and coached them in the fundamentals.

On the afternoon of November 29, 1890, the Navy team weighed anchor at the foot of West Point and then trekked up the steep hill leading to the Plain.

Along the route, the players came across a goat evidently belonging to an army sergeant who lived on the grounds. They immediately requisitioned it for their mascot, and a goat has led Navy into battle ever since.

Navy won the game, 24-0. That made a second Army-Navy game a tactical necessity, as far as Army was concerned, and the following year the Cadets won, 32-16, at Annapolis. (Seven years later, the man who helped start it all, Dennis Michie, died while leading a charge up San Juan Hill in the Spanish-American war. Army's football stadium is named in his honor.)

From the turn of the century on, the rivalry has intensified a hundredfold. It is almost impossible for an Army-Navy game to be unexciting, even if nothing more than the prestige of West Point and Annapolis is at stake. Often, a national championship or an unbeaten record has hinged on the outcome. Among the unforgettable games and moments are the following:

1915—Elmer Oliphant scored all the points in a 14-0 Army victory.

1924—Center Ed Garbisch kicked four field goals, with Army winning, 12-0.

1926—Navy tied Army, 21-21, as the two service academies helped dedicate the opening of Chicago's Soldier Field before a record crowd of 110,000.

1934—Slade Cutter's 20-yard field goal in the mud at Franklin Field gave Navy a 3-0 victory and its first win over Army in 13 years.

1944-1946—The Cadets, with Blanchard-Davis, swept three in a row from Navy.

1948—Winless Navy rallied to tie unbeaten Army, 21-21.

1953—Pat Uebel scored three touchdowns in Army's 20-7 victory.

1954—Navy's "Team Named Desire" beat Army for the Eastern title, 27-20.

1958—Army's "Lonely End" offense—with Bill Carpenter, Bob Anderson and Pete Dawkins—triumphed, 22-6.

1959—Joe Bellino scored three times for a Navy rout, 43-12.

1962—Roger Staubach passed for two touchdowns and scored two others in Navy's 34-14 win.

1963—Navy hung on for a 21-15 victory, as the clock ended an Army drive at the two-yard line.

To Admiral (Ret.) Tom Hamilton, star of the 1926 game and twice recalled to Annapolis as head coach, "The Army-Navy game is the closest thing to war in peacetime you can have." And sometimes the war is fought in words. Colonel Earl (Red) Blaik, greatest of all Army coaches and now living quietly in Palm Desert, California, adds coals to the Army-Navy feud when he says, "The Navy doesn't give a hoot if they never win another game, as long as they beat the Army. We didn't approach it that way. We took the Navy when the time came." Navy, of course, says this is all a lot of Army propaganda, which only heightens the emotional fever of the game.

But, Blaik probably touches a very real aspect of the series when he says, "The team that's got the bad record is loose and easy compared to the team that's got the great record." This is one reason why the 1946 game has become a classic, surpassing all others in the series in dramatics. For here was an Army team which had gone unbeaten in 27 games over three seasons, coming up against a Navy team that had compiled its worst record in history. This was also the Army team that boasted Doc Blanchard and Glenn Davis, now about to write the final chapter of their brilliant career together at West Point. As Mr. Inside and Mr. Outside, they were probably the most explosive backfield tandem of all time.

The game shaped up as the biggest mismatch of the entire series; yet it produced one of the most climactic finishes ever. Navy was pounding at the Army goal line for the winning score when time ran out, leaving both sides thoroughly spent and frustrated and causing Blaik to look back across 23 years and say, "This was undoubtedly the most dramatic game I ever was involved in, and it certainly gave me the most anxious moments of my coaching career."

This also was the last and the least of the great Army wartime teams. There were few experienced reserves, and, going into the Navy game, both Arnold Tucker and Blanchard were hobbled by injuries. Tucker, one of Army's all-time great quarterbacks, had banged up a knee and his throwing shoulder in the Penn game. Blanchard had torn knee ligaments. Anyone else would have been out for the rest of the year, but Doc's exceptional leg muscle development had him running again in three weeks, though not at full speed.

"The '46 team was a shell of what it was the year before," says Blaik, who, at 72, can recall details of that game with the clarity of instant replay. "We were a weary, used-up ballclub."

If Army was a used-up team, Navy was a much-abused one. When the war ended, such stars from the 1945 team as Tony Minisi, Bob Hoernchmeyer, Clyde (Smackover) Scott and Bob Kelly were permitted to resign from the Naval Academy. Navy won its '46 opener, against Villanova, but lost its next seven. Going into the Army game, many of its top players, including Joe Bartos, Bill Hawkins, Al McCully, Bob

Van Summern and Bill McLain, were all injured. Among the starters now would be a rangy, 20-year-old sophomore quarterback named Reaves Baysinger, who had been a fourth-stringer until midway through the Notre Dame game.

Not surprisingly, Army was a 28-point favorite. But Tom Hamilton, who was back for his second tour of duty as Navy coach after serving aboard the aircraft carrier *Enterprise* during the war, told the midshipmen the week of the game, "We are going to Philadelphia with the firm belief that we can win this game."

Today, at 63, Hamilton is the commissioner of the Pacific Eight Conference and admits that memories of the 1946 game still give him occasional nightmares. "Yes, I definitely believed we could beat Army," he says, "because I knew we weren't as bad as our record showed. Many of our losses were close, hard-fought battles, and the team always came back. This wasn't a team that could be licked easily."

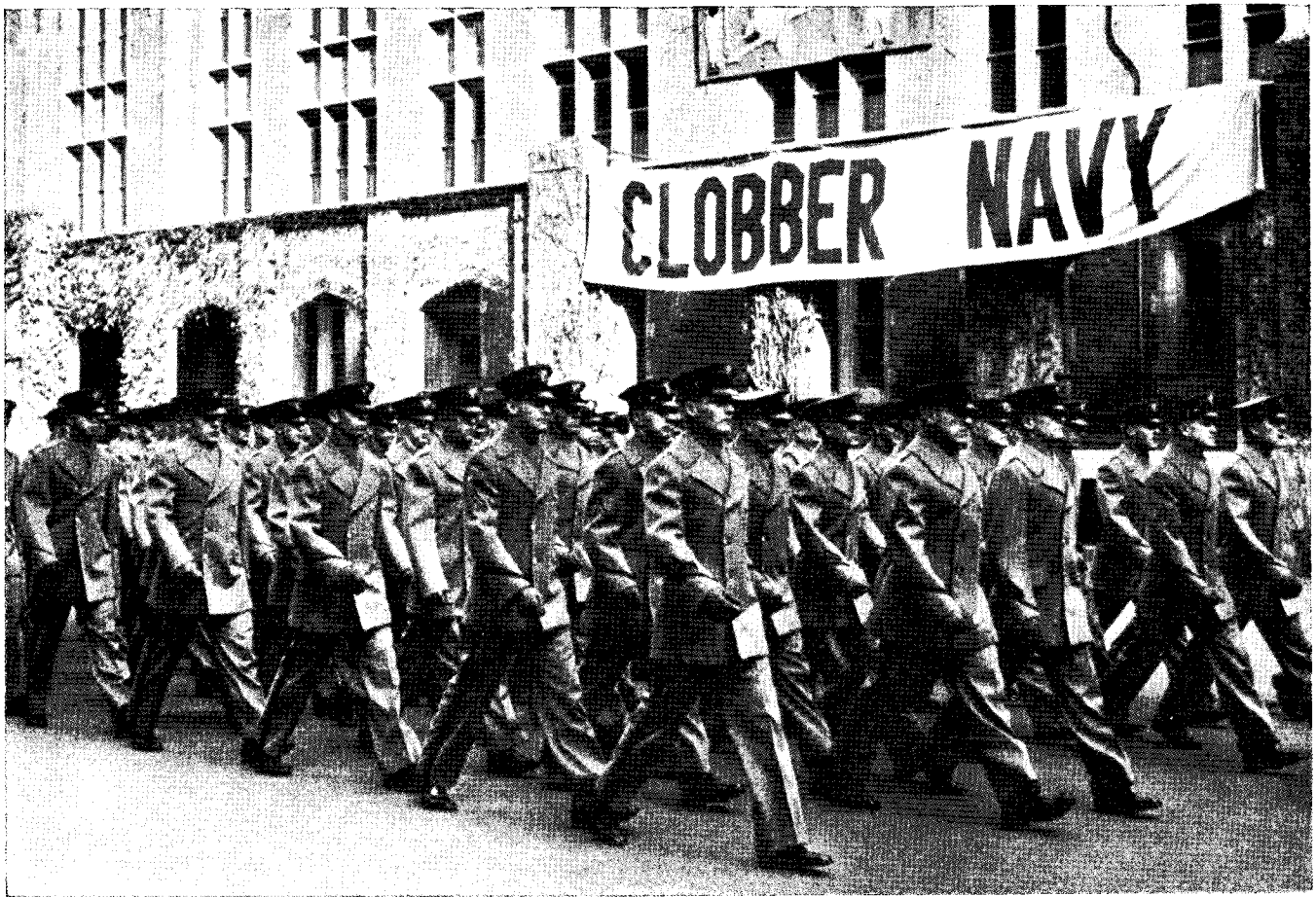
At Annapolis, the midshipmen, at least, believed Hamilton. They whipped themselves into a frenzy for two weeks before the game. A 40-foot electric sign was built, reading, "Beat Army." At night, 3000 midshipmen held a rally in front of Bancroft Hall, where they burned straw effigies of Blanchard and Davis.

At West Point, the pregame buildup was more subdued because of the Cadets' supreme confidence. Bedsheets reading, "Beat Navy," hung from barracks windows like limp laundry. The biggest excitement of the week occurred when the Military Police apprehended a raiding party of midshipmen who had infiltrated West Point and had begun painting "Beat Army" on all of the statues and gun emplacements. They were forced to clean up their art work before being permitted to return to Annapolis.

On Thanksgiving Thursday, two days before the game, the Navy team left Baltimore by train for Philadelphia. (The night before, Hamilton had had them sleep in the boathouse, away from the middies' bedlam.) The team ate its Thanksgiving turkey on the train, and then checked in at the secluded Pine Valley Country Club. On Friday Hamilton took the team to Municipal Stadium "just so they could work up a sweat." That night, Leon Bramlett, the captain and right end, asked Hamilton for permission to have a players' meeting in his room.

"It was mostly to pull ourselves together," says Bramlett, who now operates a cotton plantation back home in Clarksdale, Mississippi. "We were determined we were gonna make a game of it," he says, "and to beat 'em if possible. Of course, nobody believed we could do it, except Captain Hamilton. So, we could do it, except Captain Hamilton. So, we presented him with a written declaration of our resolve to win it, and to show him our love and appreciation. It was written up on a piece of parchment and all of us signed it."

"Leon was my first-classman," remembers Bill Earl, a reserve halfback on the 1946 team and today a Commander in the Navy who recently took over command of the destroyer *Steinaker*. "It's like having a big brother. When we got to his room that night, he



showed us a telegram he'd just received. It was a one-word message that read: 'Please,' and it was signed, 'The Brigade.' "

"(One telegram?)" says Dick Scott, Navy's two-time All-America center. "We could have lined a whole wall with all the communications we received. It was utterly fantastic. The wires ranged from one word to ten and 12 pages. It was then that we really started having an awareness of the importance of the game. These wires were from people who not only wanted something from us, but, by God, *expected* it from us. A great many of us didn't get more than two, three hours of sleep that night. I remember bumping into Leon and several others in the corridor in the wee hours of the morning."

(Ironically, Scott was raised in Highland Falls, New York, which is virtually at the front gate of West Point. He spent his youth praying for the day he would enter the Military Academy. While waiting for an appointment, he even joined the Army during World War II, but when an appointment finally came, it was to the Naval Academy. Today he holds an important civilian job with the Defense Department in the Pentagon.)

Over at the Manufacturers' Country Club in suburban Philadelphia, where the Army team was staying, the atmosphere was far less restive the night before the big game. "It was just like before any other ballgame," recalls Glenn Davis. "We all had dinner together and then I think Blaik took everyone out to a movie. We were pretty confident that we weren't

going to have much trouble with them, so there really wasn't too much to be concerned about."

Earlier that day, the Army players had visited Municipal Stadium but had not changed into their practice clothes. As Blaik explained to newsmen, he had been avoiding contact work for over a week so as not to risk any further injuries. And he adds today, "We didn't want to disclose the fact that Tucker was not up to par, although they knew it anyway."

On the morning of the game, Tom Hamilton took his Navy players for a short walk on the golf course at Pine Valley "just to talk a little bit and to be together. It was a good way of building concentration, maybe not by emphasis, but by being a team, being together. It was quite important."

By the time both teams arrived at their locker rooms, most of the 102,000 seats were already filled for the pregame parade by the corps of cadets and the brigade of midshipmen. President Harry S. Truman arrived at the stadium at 12:05, accompanied by an entourage of generals and admirals; in the crowd, too, were General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower, Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Chief Justice Fred Vinson and virtually every member of the Cabinet.

Leon Bramlett remembers coming onto the field with the Navy team that crisp and clear November day and discovering that the Brigade was still marching in. "So, Captain Hamilton took us out to the end of the track where we could see the whole stadium full of people and he said to us, 'Boys, take a good long look at 'em—and just forget 'em.' This was my third

Army-Navy game and I still had that same empty feeling in my stomach."

When Bramlett met Army co-captains Davis and Blanchard at midfield, he won the toss and elected to receive. Navy was dressed in its traditional blue jerseys, Army was in white shirts and gold helmets. Shortly after taking the opening kickoff, Navy surprised everyone by shifting from its standard T formation into a single wing with an unbalanced line. "It was something we planned to use early," Hamilton explains. "Primarily, we were trying to unhinge the Army defensive line some and to affect their starting right with the snap."

The stratagem worked. With Navy alternating between straight T and single wing, the Army line was either jumping offside or waiting an extra count; in either case, Navy managed to rip off a couple of first downs and move the ball to the Army 45. There, the Cadets finally held, and Baysinger had to punt.

Now, the crowd settled back to watch Davis and Blanchard pulverize the Navy line. Glenn, who was to retire with a collegiate rushing average of 10.4 yards a carry, had already gained more than 600 yards that season. As Army's right tackle in the 1946 game, Goble Bryant, recalls, "He carried us most of the time while Doc was hurt. Old Davis got the hell kicked out of him by Oklahoma because they could key on him. But I gained a terrific amount of respect for Glenn after that."

Blanchard made a first down for Army, but on the next series Davis fumbled at the 32 and Navy took over. For just a split moment, it looked like a big break for Navy. But Baysinger almost immediately fumbled the ball back and Army took over at the 37. Now, things began to happen quickly. On second down, Davis went in motion and Tucker hit him with a pass on the Navy 30; from there, Glenn sped down the sidelines and finally was knocked out of bounds by Pete Williams on the 14-yard line. After Blanchard picked up a yard hitting inside, Tucker shoveled the ball to Davis going in motion to his left. The 173-pound Davis slammed between two Navy defenders to go in for the first score of the game. It was Davis' 71st career touchdown for West Point, and it was to be his last.

"That play didn't have a number," Davis says today. "The boys gave it the name 'California Special,' because that was my home state."

Jack Ray, a substitute guard, came in and kicked the extra point, and Army led, 7-0.

Almost incredibly, Navy struck right back, marching 81 yards to score. Pete Williams and Myron Gerber chewed small pieces out of the Army line. Baysinger hit his left end, Art Markel, for 11 yards, then went to Bramlett for 32 more, putting the ball down on the Army two. The first quarter ended, and on the second play of the second period, Baysinger sneaked over for the touchdown. That made the score, 7-6. It stayed 7-6 when Bob Van Summern's try for the extra point was blocked by lineman Goble Bryant, today an executive in Atlanta, Georgia.

Now Army took over again. Starting from the 18-yard line after the ensuing kickoff, Davis and

Blanchard, running better as a unit than at any other time during the season, got the ball to the Army 47. In the huddle, Tucker, who was now limping badly from an ankle he hurt in the opening minutes of the game, called for a 39 Trap. "The first time we ran that play," says Bryant, Doc got jammed up with me, and Scott came across from linebacker to stop him. This time I told Doc to get the hell off my butt and go to the right as I pulled."

Blanchard took Tucker's handoff and burst through the seven-man Navy line. He cut to the outside and in three quick strides was in full gallop, headed for the Navy goal line. Baysinger and Bob Schwoeffermann gave pursuit, but Doc Blanchard in the open was uncatchable.

Ray's kick made the score 14-6.

An intreception by Bill Yeoman, a reserve Army center backing up the left side of the line, got the Cadets moving again later in the period. They moved to Navy's 26 and then went into a shift they often used to take advantage of Blanchard's ability in the open. Doc was set out as a flanker on the left, with Rip Rowan, who normally played right half, moving into the fullback slot. The ball again came back to Davis on a direct snap and Blanchard, 240 pounds of sinew, ran a stop-and-go pattern at defensive right half-back Schwoeffermann. Davis pump-faked, drawing Schwoeffermann up, and then Doc buttonhooked around the defender, broke into the clear and caught the pass in full flight for a 26-yard scoring play.

"Schwoeff stumbled on that play," recalls Dick Scott. "We were in a man-to-man zone, and he was keying on Doc. As I turned around to follow the play, I saw Schwoeff stumble. Doc got the step on him and that was that."

Blaik says this was the only new play Army had put in for the Navy game, "and it wasn't really a new play. We had used it before, but not that season. Otherwise, we went with our basic bread-and-butter stuff."

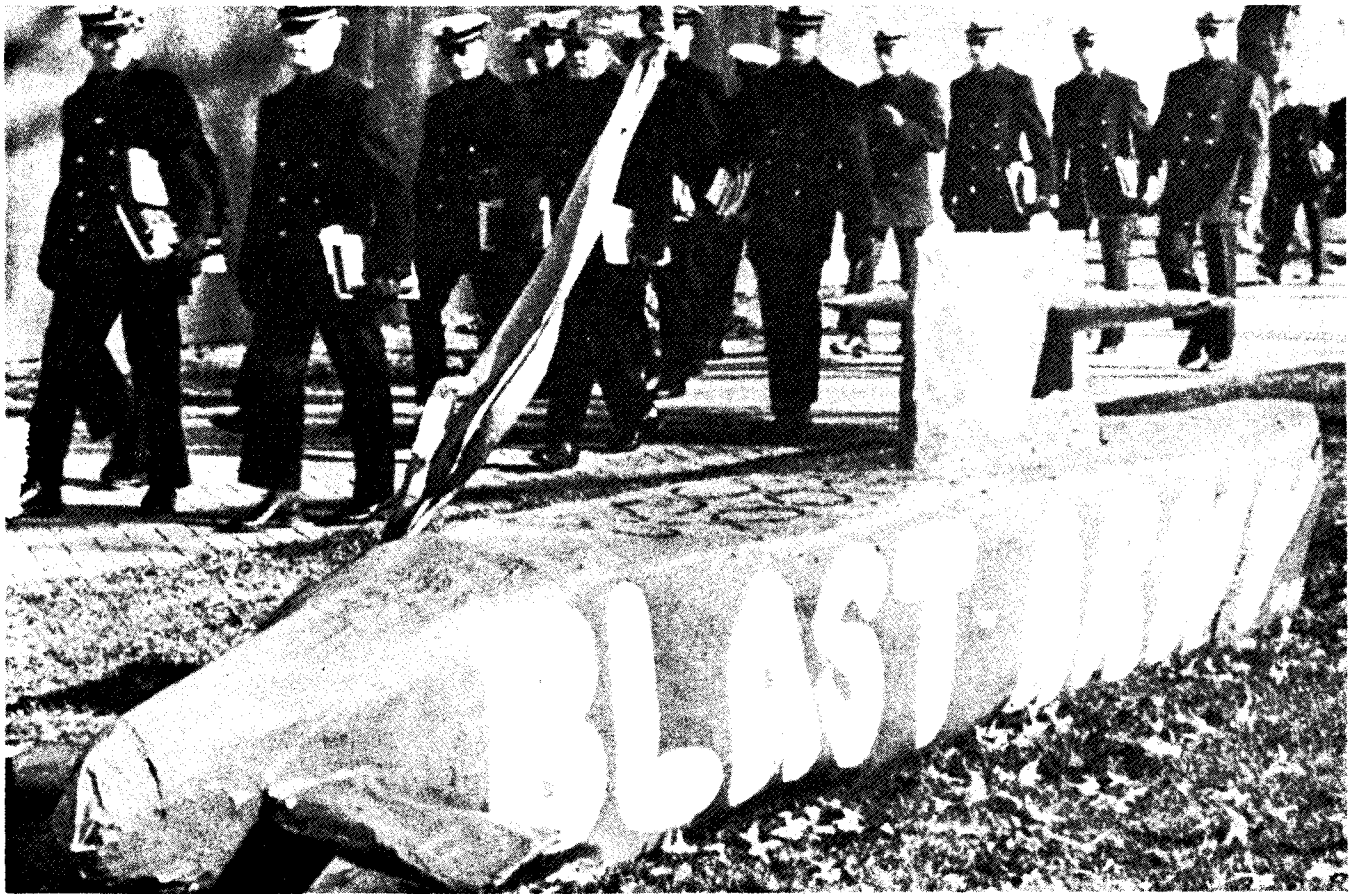
When Blanchard, now a full colonel in the Air Force, looks back on his two scoring plays, he speaks with a calmness and detachment that belies his massive football image. "It was almost just too easy," he says. "The whole first half seemed that way. Like everything else, if you don't have to work for something, I guess you don't appreciate it."

Ray came in for the third time to kick the extra point, and the score at half-time was Army 21, Navy 6.

The Army locker room was a scene of restrained confidence. "Nobody seemed too serious," says Joe Steffy, who played left guard.

About the only serious problem the Cadets were aware of at halftime was Tucker's puffy ankle and separated shoulder. He could scarcely move around now, and as Davis says, "I don't think he could have thrown the ball 30 yards." But without an experienced replacement for him on offense, Blaik was forced to keep him in there, "if only just to hand the ball off."

Down in Navy's locker room, the players were aroused. "It took us awhile to settle down," says Bramlett. "I remember telling Captain Hamilton, 'My God, we can beat these guys. They're not hitting out



there.' And they weren't, not the way Army usually did."

Then one of the admirals came in with a message from President Truman. "The President told me to tell you he's proud of you," he said. "You're doing a fine job."

But Dick Scott remembers another speech. "You can take your pick of what you think the turning point of the game was," he says, "but I suspect in my mind it was the halftime experience when we were being congratulated by some Navy man in gold braid. He said he was proud of us because we had scored on this greatest of Army teams and had held them to only three touchdowns. That was patently asinine to me, and we were all probably insulted by it."

Outside, the fans were being treated to the kind of color only an Army-Navy game can provide. There were husky cheers from both sides of the field, culminated by a mock battle between a tank and a battleship. And there was the usual battle for attention between the Navy goat and the Army mule. (The goat may have been even more of a surprise than fourth-stringer Baysinger. It seems Billy X hadn't given Navy much of a season and had been somewhat lethargic. So a fresh young goat had been shipped from Texas expressly for the Army-Navy game. But before a command decision could be reached as to which goat would make the trip, old Billy kicked the whale out of young Billy and won a reprieve.)

Army took the second-half kickoff and marched through Navy as disdainfully as it had in the first half. But when the Cadets were faced with a fourth and two at Navy's 31, Tucker surprisingly called for a

punt. Davis dropped back and kicked the ball ten yards out of bounds.

When Blaik is asked today to explain strategy, he says, "it wasn't called from the sidelines. We seldom did that, unless we were on the goal line, or something like that. Tucker was old enough and experienced enough to run his own game and we let him do it. But in this instance, I believe it was a lack of realization of where they were that prompted him to make that call."

Hamilton had done an amazing scouting job on Army, and now Baysinger began following a carefully laid-out game plan. On some plays he worked on Army's left end, where Barney Poole, a powerful crasher, was being suckered in. On other plays he passed into the injured Tucker's zone. Tucker was limping so badly, finally, that Blaik sent in an inexperienced young sub named Bill Gustafson for Tucker on defense.

As Rip Rowan, who backed up the left side, remembers it, "Herman Hickman, our line coach, always said afterward that there was some mixup between Barney, Shelton Biles, our left tackle, and me that day. When Barney would angle in, we'd go, too, leaving a big wide gap. All I can remember is that they just kept comin' and comin' and comin'."

When the Navy drive carried down to the Army 18, the Cadets suddenly stiffened and held for three downs. But on fourth down, Navy went into its single wing. Hawkins, playing with a brace on his knee, started into the line on a buck; suddenly, he lateraled out to Williams and the swift halfback drove down to the three. Two plays later, Hawkins took the ball over.

This time he tried for the extra point, missed, and the score stood at 21-12.

An Army rout no longer seemed in the making. The Cadets were beginning to fray. As Blanchard commented recently, "We were tired after an easy first half. But in the second half, we were pretty much just sitting there waiting for the end of the game, and we nearly got run off the field."

The next sequence of events bears him out. Navy kicked off and Doc returned the ball on the 25. Both he and Davis took turns carrying the ball and in three plays nudged it close to the 35. There was about a half yard to go for a first down. In the Army huddle, Tucker again was leaning toward a punt. "He called for a kick," says Rip Rowan, "but then Doc said he could always gain a yard against anyone. So Tucker called for a buck. It was the one time he ever let anyone dissuade him."

As Goble Bryant remembers the moment, "There was some urging from us to go for it. Who could stop Blanchard? we had to ask ourselves. I don't remember Tucker calling for a punt, but I do remember figuring Blanchard would make it."

Doc hit the middle of the seven-man line and was stopped cold. "You would think that I could make four inches," he says ruefully today, "but I didn't. I recall the play, but I don't recall any ifs, ands or we-might-have-made-its."

The man widely given credit for making the stop was Dick Scott. "Not so," Scott says today. "The guy who really turned the trick was Bramlett, not me. You see, I wore number 57 and Bramlett wore 87. They must have seen only the 7 and figured it was me."

Tom Hamilton points out that Navy stopped the play largely because it expected it. "Our reports were that Army would use that play in such a situation, so I sent in an extra guard, Ken Schiweck, and took out my wingback."

Again, Blaik says the call came from the huddle. "I had reason to trust Tucker," he says, "and it was a proper call. But I think if he had called a slant play instead of a buck, Blanchard would have made it."

To most everyone who saw that game and played in it, this was the play that opened the game to its fourth-quarter dramatics.

A pass from Earl to Bramlett picked up 14 yards, and then Hawkins went through the middle for 16 to put the ball on the Army five, just as the third quarter ended. After Hawkins gained two more yards at the start of the fourth quarter, Navy went in for a bit of deception. Earl shifted from left to right halfback, took a little shovel pass from Baysinger and then shipped a pass into the corner to Bramlett, who made a neat catch in front of the exploited Gustafson.

"It was the only time in my life I played right halfback," says Earl. "I remember after releasing the pass it went right through the arms of an Army end and I realized it would be too late to do anything about it. It was probably the hardest pass I ever threw."

Navy now had its third touchdown, but Hawkins failed again on the extra-point try and the score was 21-18 with most the fourth quarter remaining.

The ball changed hands a couple of times after that,

but with seven and a half minutes to go, Navy took over at its own 33. Now the momentum was with the Middies. They ripped off three first downs in a row, moving the ball to the Army 23. The Cadets were in deep trouble now, but this was also a team that hadn't been beaten in 27 games. The line held for three downs, but on fourth down, fullback Lynn Chewning, in for Hawkins, burst through the middle and slammed 20 yards to the Army three-yard line. Now there were 90 seconds left and Navy was nine feet away from pulling off the upset of the generation. For reasons best known to himself, the President chose this moment to leave the game; with his departure, the guards who had held back the surging crowd now dispersed and people ran onto the field, spilling across the sidelines and swarming into the end zone.

Into the game ran a reserve end for Army, Tom Hayes. When he and Doc Blanchard and Goble Bryant were at Lafayette College awaiting their appointments to West Point, he met Dick Scott there and they became close friends. Now, in this moment of high drama, Scott saw his old buddy running on the field and he paused to greet him.

"Hi, Tom," Scott said.

"Good Lord!" Hayes said. "Of all the times to send me into the game. I'm scared to death."

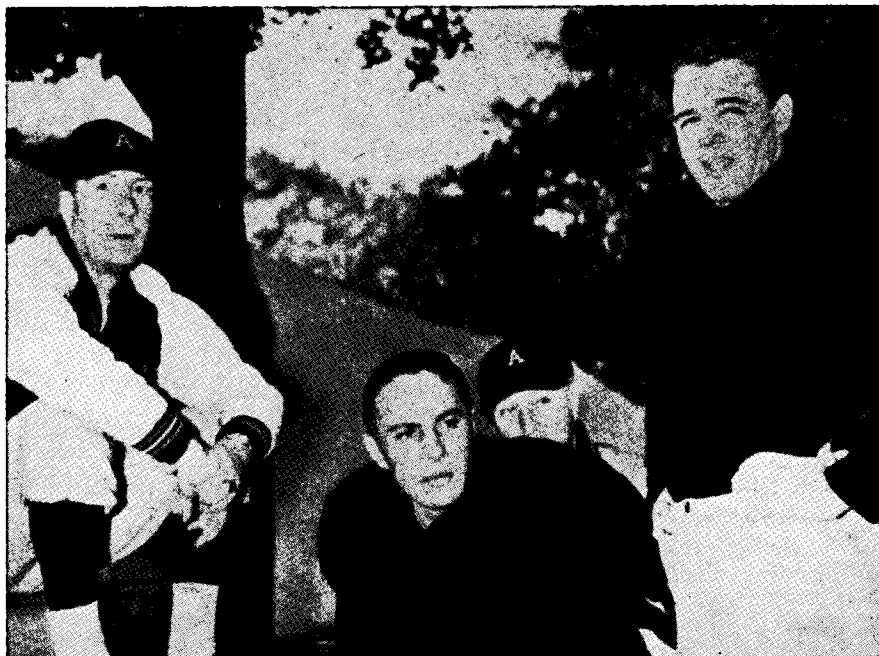
On first down at the three, Baysinger sent Chewning into the middle of the Army line. Bryant and Hank Foldberg came up to stop him for no gain. As the fatigued and battered Cadets awaited the next play, Glenn Davis said, "Let's not blow it now." Chewning tried the Army middle again and this time Poole stopped him cold. There was now less than a minute left in the game.

Hawkins came in for Chewning, carrying a play with him from the bench. Referee Bill Halloran stepped off a five-yard penalty against Navy for delay of the game, putting the ball back at the eight. The play Hawkins brought in was the buck lateral which had worked so effectively earlier in the game. Navy came out and shifted into its single wing; Baysinger barked signals, but nobody really heard him in all that pandemonium. Hawkins started into the line with the ball, then flipped it out to Williams on his right. But this time Poole floated with the play and he ran Williams down in the crowd of spectators somewhere in the vicinity of the four-yard line. The clock was running.

At the Navy bench, Hamilton began to cry out for the referee to stop the clock. From where he was standing, he couldn't tell if Williams had gone out of bounds or not, but by having run into the crowd, Hamilton was to reason later, it amounted to the same thing. But the referee did not stop the clock. Hamilton motioned to Earl to go in. The substitution would cost him another five yards, but it would stop the clock—if Earl got there in time.

But as Earl dashed onto the field, frantically waving his arms for someone to see him, the last seconds of the game ticked into infinity. The Navy players, too tired to protest, slunk wearily from the field. The Army team, more crestfallen than relieved, trudged off in silence. It would take time for the Navy players

Coach Blaik of Army with Blanchard and Davis before the great game.



to see how much they had won in defeat, just as the Army would later realize that they had kept their record intact with their goal-line stand.

Twenty-three years later, each player has a clearer memory of that game than any other—and each memory a little different than the next man's:

—"The futility of it all," says Bill Earl, "at not being able to stop the clock for one more play. Maybe I approached the wrong official."

—"It was just one of those things," says Leon Bramlett. "I felt we had them whipped before that last drive started. But I don't take it away from them. We had three shots at their goal and they kept us from it."

—"They must have gained 300 yards around my side that day," says Barney Poole, "but the Colonel complimented me from keeping him (Williams) from going out of bounds. I even gave him a few yards just to keep him inside. But it sure looked bad for a minute."

—"I still don't know where the crowd was when I was tackled," says Pete Williams. "and I've been asked that question a million times."

—"As we were walking off the field after the game," says Dick Scott, "feeling the way we did, some guy came by and snatched my helmet away and I remember being absolutely dumbfounded."

—"Did I think we would stop them?" says Doc Blanchard. "I don't know the answer to that question."

—"It seemed to me like we had lost the ballgame," says Glenn Davis. "There was no reason to rejoice in the locker room after almost getting beaten by a 30th-ranked team."

—"The game didn't mean very much to me until after I had played in it and met people who told me they had seen it," says Jack Ray, who provided the margin of difference by kicking the extra points.

Since straggling from that field of battle 23 years ago, many from both schools still stay in contact with one another. Blanchard and Davis, Army's touchdown twins, visit when time and geography permit. "Doc

was out here only a couple of weeks ago," says Davis, who for the past 16 years has been in charge of Special Events for the Los Angeles *Times*. Tucker and Baysinger, the two signal-callers, are still calling signals after a fashion—Tucker as an Air Force pilot currently assigned to Southwest Asia, and Baysinger as a Navy pilot now serving somewhere in the Pacific. Pete Williams returned to civilian life after five years with the fleet, entered graduate school and became a bridge contractor; in football season, he's a referee in the Southeastern Conference. Jack Ray is a vice president with Tenneco, a petroleum firm in Texas; Joe Steffy runs his own automobile agency in Newburgh, New York, and Rip Rowan is general manager of a company in Memphis, Tennessee.

Some of the members of both squads are dead. From Navy's 1946 team, Chuck Strahley, a reserve tackle who didn't get into the game, became a fighter pilot and was killed in Korea. John Welsh, a back, died of polio in 1963. Earl Blaik says that of his 1944-45-46 teams, 17 men died in combat. Of the '46 team, they were Bill Kellum, an end who is presumed to have died while a prisoner of war in 1951; Ug Fuson, a center and halfback who succumbed to a heart attack resulting from wounds received in Korea; Ray Drury, a tackle who died in Korea in '51; and John Trent, an end who was to captain the 1949 team and then was to die in battle a year later.

"I was with Trent when he got killed," says Joe Steffy. "I found him the next morning. I remember he was the best man at my wedding on a nice day in April and I buried him in the snow in November."

The Army-Navy game has been played against the broadest of all canvases, in war and peace and all the gray areas. It's grown since that day in 1890 when a couple of hundred people stood on the Plain and watched the first primitive struggle. But despite the enormity of the spectacle it's become, it has always retained its basic appeal as a game between two of the friendliest antagonists in the world of sport.

It has never been just another football game.

From The Editor: SPORTS

By Jack Flanagan '70

As I write this column I have to reflect upon Navy Football as I have seen it over the past four years. In 39 games the Big Blue have compiled a record of 12 wins, 28 losses and 1 tie. Granted, statistics don't tell the whole story, for Navy teams have been humble in victory and gallant in defeat against some of the nation's top elevens. However, we would be less than truthful if we did not note that, at times we have resembled a bumbling, sputtering outfit incapable of handling such also-rans as Duke, Pitt, and William & Mary. This trend will, in all likelihood, reverse itself under the able guidance of Rick Forzano but it will take time, maybe another couple of seasons, maybe more. While this rebuilding is taking place Navy's sagging football image is sure to decline further.

Why has this situation come about? Nobody has all the answers but certain facts keep rearing their ugly heads. We have continued to schedule such perennial powers as Notre Dame, Penn State, and Syracuse while our recruiting effort has been unable to keep pace. The superior high school player just does not desire to lead a monastic life for four years, followed by at least a five year stint in the fleet simply for the privilege of donning a Navy uniform. He is under pressure from other schools who can offer many more tangible benefits. He is also under the not inconsiderable pressure of many of his cohorts who look at a military career with a jaundiced eye. It takes courage for a seventeen or eighteen year old to turn his back on his peers and turn down the lucrative offers of the well-oiled recruiting machines of many football powers. Many high school youths have this courage but they need help in finding it. We, here at the Naval Academy, have not given this help. The result is that we are not attracting our share of the top talent.

To be sure, we have our share of spirited ball players, but they just don't have the size to evenly compete with many of our opponents. All the spirit in the world isn't going to be enough to mow down a 235 lb. Mike Reid or a 270 lb. Mike McCoy to name just two examples. If two teams are reasonably (not necessarily evenly) matched, the team that wants it most will win. When one team is clearly outclassed, spirit and desire are relatively insignificant factors.

What can be done to bring Navy football back into national or at least regional prominence? It would seem as if we have two alternatives—scale down our schedule and/or beef up our recruiting effort.

It has been suggested that Navy seek admittance to

the Ivy League football program. The usual upshot of this is a gale of derisive laughter. "Navy play the Ivy League? We'd wipe 'em out!" So said the Lakers about the Celtics, the Colts about the Jets, the Orioles about the Mets. Except the Lakers, Colts, and Orioles aren't laughing anymore. Sure the Ivy League has its patsies but Dartmouth, Yale and Harvard could prove to be worthy opponents. I would much rather feel that we could possibly win every game we played rather than pin the success or failure of the season on the Army game alone. We should be looking forward to each game, taking the season a game at a time, building up to Army. Lately we've kissed off the season around October and hoped we'd down Army. This isn't healthy. Ours is a 10 game season, not a one game season. We don't have to necessarily attempt to break into the Ivy League, but we should be playing teams of our own caliber and the Ivy League seems to offer the easiest vehicle for bringing this about.

The other alternative is to try to pump a little new blood into our recruiting effort. Probably the biggest drawback facing Navy recruiters is the five years of obligated service facing USNA graduates. Why not shave two years off this requirement and add four years in a reserve status. Let's set aside a given number of appointments to the Academy, say 15, under this obligation and reserve them for football players. The three years of active duty would compete favorably with other officer producing programs (the present OCS obligation is three years, NROTC four) and the four year reserve requirement would not be too great an additional burden for these fifteen designated recruits to shoulder. This system would cause a greater number of schoolboy athletes to consider the Academy and would encourage our scouts to hunt up the best possible talent since these billets could be offered only to a limited number of candidates. Another option is to accept athletes who are physically qualified for staff corps or restricted line appointments. Each year several promising athletes are lost because they cannot pass visual requirements or possess various other minor maladies. Yet these same individuals can obtain commissions through other avenues. What we would be doing is tapping a vast reservoir of unconsidered talent. Some might argue that we would be lowering the standards of the Academy. I seriously doubt that. Each year many Academy graduates are forced to enter the staff corps because of injuries suffered while competing in varsity sports. What difference does it make if a man graduates with bad knees developed in the past three years or the past six years? One is as "unhealthy" as the other. Must all Academy graduates be capable of driving ships or flying planes? If so, then why do we commission athletes in the staff corps? There is no logic behind it. If a youth is academically qualified and is in such a physical condition as to enable him to be commissioned in any branch of the naval service, he should be given the right to play on a Navy team.

Let's face facts. The Naval Academy has run out of Joe Bellinos, Johnny Sais, Roger Staubachs, and Greg Mathers. If we are to climb out of the depths of football mediocrity we must act now or be forever relegated to the status of a "has been".

Navy Lightweights Surge Past Army— Capture League Crown . . .

By Fred Davidson '72

In what might be termed one of the finer defensive struggles in collegiate football, Navy's timely pass interceptions broke open an otherwise close battle of gridiron Mighty Mites as the 150's paraded past the Black Knights to the tune of 28-14. The Midshipmen clinched the Eastern Intercollegiate 150-pound League championship by posting a 6-0 season, 2 games ahead of Army and Cornell. In the past 2 years a field goal has been the margin of victory for the host team. Army and Navy alternating victories at home.

This year was certainly no exception as the goal posts were moved from the banks of the Hudson to the shores of the Severn and remnants of Little Philadelphia began to show up on Ingram Field. Situated in the shadows of Michelson and Chauvenet Halls and at the northern end of Albert Michelson's "Line of Sight," Ingram Field is otherwise the proud home of Navy's soccer team. But on Friday the 14th, bleachers, sidelines, and even the seaward classrooms of Chauvenet Hall (if you can figure out which ones

those are!?) were packed in the absence of 6th period classes and everyone bundled up for a cold, overcast afternoon of Army-Navy football, lightweight style.

The Cadets took the opening kickoff deep in their own territory and proceeded to move the ball upfield in respectable fashion with a series of off-tackle slants and short passes. Intermittently, linebacker John Howard picked off a Bill Lord pass at the Army 42 and rambled 30-some-odd yards before being hauled down at the 10. With Navy knocking on the back door, QB Rick Hormel took the snap on the 2nd play from scrimmage and danced around left end for 6 yards and 6 points. Bill Meyer toed the PAT with 10:51 showing on the erroneous clock. For the rest of the first quarter, both teams moved the ball well; but when it came to a key situation, both defenses proved to be more superior than the spotty offenses.



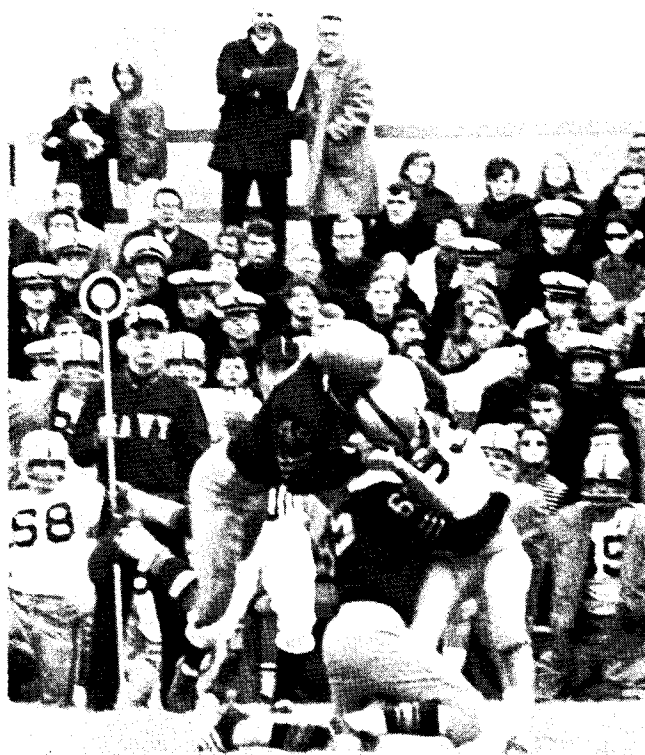
Jim Wall finds a big hole.

Photos by John Kapolulu



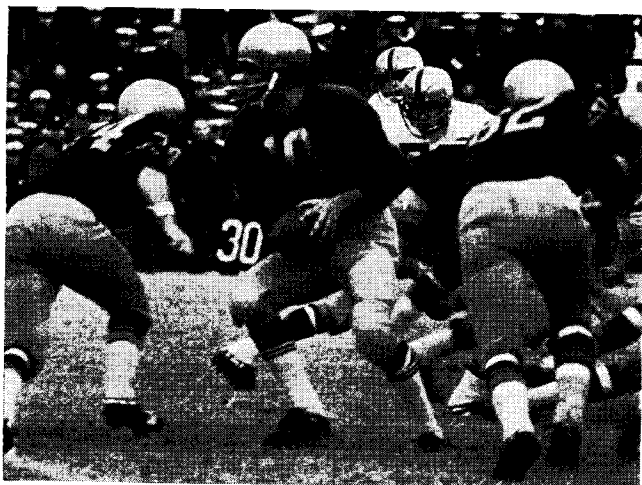
Jim Toomey intercepts with help from Tom Gutierrez.

The West Pointers began 2nd quarter action around midfield but could not go anywhere. Navy's defensive halfback Jim Toomey slipped in front of receiver Mike Ryan to steal another Lord aerial and scampered down



Toomey and Rogers stop Army short of a first down.

the landward sideline (guess again which side that was!?) only to be tripped up 10 yards shy of paydirt. Once again the offense was given an opportune situation and wasted no time in rattling the scoreboard as



Rick Hormel directs the attack handing off to Jim Wall.

Jim Wall plowed off tackle on the first play for the Midshipmen's 2nd touchdown with only 70 seconds eclipsed in period 2. All of a sudden things didn't look so cold for the partisan and quite jubilant spectators as the scoreboard announced a 14-0 home team lead. For the remaining 14 minutes neither team could muster a serious scoring threat until later on when Army pushed deep into Navy territory. Senior Tom Gutierrez put an end to the threatening attack by swiping a pass at the 25 yard line for Navy's 3rd interception of the day. The Black Knights returned the favor a few plays later, but their offense could get no further than the Navy 40 as the half ended.

The Little Blue were not satisfied with the less than comfortable 14-0 lead and the Cadets were not going to be denied a scoreless afternoon as was the case 2 years ago. Starting the second half, injured captain Es Marks returned the kickoff to the Navy 40 and from there proceeded to move the ball upfield with a series of short dives and power sweeps. With Rick Hormel hitting end Bill Bozin on a few quick passes and screens, the varied attack ground out good yardage and ate up valuable time. Halfback Jim Wall chugged the final 2 yards for his 2nd TD of the day, thus boosting the score to 21-0 with some 7 minutes remaining in the 3rd period. Army turned right around and marched 67 yards for their first score. Halfback Jim Lovelace slipped across from the 3 to put the Cadets back in the game at 21-6.

Early in the fourth quarter Navy ran into offensive trouble and as a result of a bad punt snap, West Point was sitting on the Little Blue 24. A few minutes and plays later, Craig Gabbert punched the pigskin over from the 1; the try for 2 points was good. In a very short time, Army had turned a lopsided victory into a nail-biting spectacle. The important factor was the 10 minutes showing on the clock. After Navy punted once, Army moved the ball to midfield again only to have Ron Machtley snatch another Lord aerial at the

Army 49. Again Navy was forced to punt after a sputtering offensive series, but this time the bouncing ball hit an unsuspecting cadet on the back. A blue jersey was last to uncover from the pileup at the 10. Junior Rick Hormel put icing on the cake when he lofted his 2nd touchdown of the afternoon via air by the way of end John Fedor who was getting lonesome in a corner of the end zone.

In the minute and a half following Dave Bolduc's PAT, the ball exchanged hands several times on a series of fumbles and pass interceptions. Most of the credit should go to the defensive unit who put in one stellar performance that afternoon. The charge was led by such stalwarts as linebackers Duke Dubia and Mark Rogers; tackles Pat Grady, Bob Berger, and Al Schaufelberger; and halfbacks Tom Gutierrez and Al Neupaver. When the final gun went off, the football team soon found itself in the middle of swarming Midshipmen and proud owners of an Eastern League Championship for the 16th time, another outstanding accomplishment for coach Jack Cloud and his crew. It was a happy feeling for Navy, alright, but you just couldn't help noticing the disappointment of the West Point Cadets as their Pep band retreated to the tune of "Red Rose from Glen Burnie."

THE LOG FOOTBALL TOP TEN

1. Ohio State 8-0
2. Texas 8-0
3. Arkansas 8-0
4. Penn State 8-0
5. Missouri 8-1
6. UCLA 8-0-1
7. Notre Dame 7-1-1
8. Southern California 8-0-1
9. Tennessee 8-1
10. Florida 7-1-1

This weeks top ten sees little change in the teams since the October edition. Oklahoma bombed out with a 44-10 loss to powerful Missouri securing their noose for good. The staggering Sooners also lost to Texas 27-17 and Kansas State 59-14. In to take their place are the undefeated Bruins of UCLA featuring talented Denis Dummit at quarterback. The other nine college elevens retain their top ten status with only the rankings shuffled slightly. The Vols of Tennessee managed to raise eyebrows owing to a 38-0 embarrassment at the hands of the Ole Miss. Rebels, and dropped from five to nine. Ohio State fortified its position as incumbent National Champion as the Buckeyes unmade the Boilermakers of Purdue 42-14. Rex Kern fashioned the dismantling with cornerback Jack (Tom)Tatum supplying the special hobbling effects on the Purdue receivers.

In other action, Texas humbled TCU 69-7 with their usual locomotive running attack grinding out over five hundred yards. Penn State laughed at Maryland 48-0. The Tigers of Missouri dumped Iowa State 40-13; Notre Dame's Irish fought and stung Georgia

Tech 38-20; Arkansas overcame a gutsy SMU defense in the second half and prevailed 28-15. Both UCLA and So. Cal. eaked out squeakers on the Coast. The Bruins edged Oregon 13-10 and the Trojans shook off Washington 16-7. The Florida Gators, bringing up the rear in rankings, dealt Kentucky a 31-6 lashing as quarterback John Reaves continued to break Steve Spurrier's passing records.

MIDDIE TASK FORCE GETS UNDERWAY TO SINK ARMY

By Jack Flanagan '70

The 1969 football season will draw to a merciful close for Army and Navy as the traditional service rivals clash in Philadelphia's John F. Kennedy Stadium. Both teams have been plagued throughout the entire season by injuries, sputtering offenses and inconsistent defenses. This match threatens to be one of the duller affairs in many a year unless the Midshipmen and the Cadets can snap out of the doldrums of their regular season play.

Navy will enter the contest with its poorest record (1-8) in over twenty years. Coach Rick Forzano has had a difficult time coming up with a winning combination despite his most valiant efforts. Forzano is not to be castigated however. It would be unfair to expect him to undo in one year that which it took his predecessor four years to build. The Midshipmen's biggest problem seems to be consistency. They have shown occasional flashes of brilliance but have thus far been unable to put it all together for sixty minutes. Defensively, the Big Blue has had a difficult time containing the rush. Against Army's big gun, team captain Lynn Moore, this could be fatal. However, the defense is capable of making some fantastic plays. Once the adrenalin starts flowing this unit could really do the job. The offense has been ineffective at best throughout much of the season. Quarterback Mike McNallen must provide some much needed leadership if the "Big O" is going to finally break loose. The team that strikes first is going to have a tremendous advantage so McNallen is going to have to bring his charges out on the field ready for the kill.

Army has had a mediocre season at best, bringing a 3-5-1 log into the tilt. Their big threat is hard running fullback Lynn Moore. However, the Cadets will find the going a bit thick if they have to rely mainly upon Moore as they have done throughout much of the season. The Army defense can be tenacious when they're on but has more leaks than a sieve when they're off.

Of course, the biggest factor is that this is THE ARMY-NAVY GAME. Strange things have a way of happening in this emotion-laden clash. When both teams take the field, it is time to throw out the press clippings, the scouting reports, the past nine games. Both teams will be up as high as a kite for this clash, and you can expect the unexpected.

On the basis of Navy's tougher schedule and as yet unused potential it looks like it'll be Navy over the Black Knights by nine points.

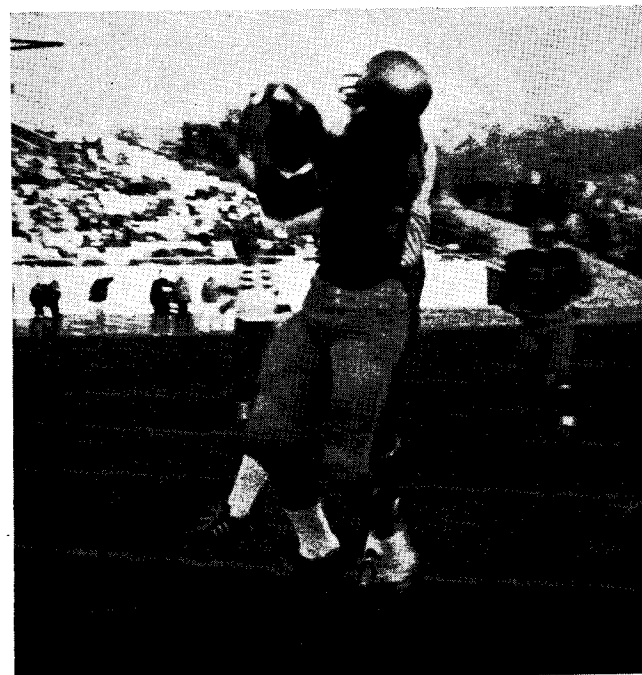
**BEAT ARMY
BEAT ARMY
BEAT ARMY**



Both McNallen and Pike found the going tough all afternoon against a ferocious Syracuse defense.

Photos by Bill McMenamin

Casey makes what could be the best catch of the season.



Soccer Does It Again

On Sunday afternoon the 16th, Casey Bahr's eleven suffered a heartbreaking 1-0 defeat at the hands of the University of South Florida. The loss ended the booters hopes of an NCAA crown, as they were eliminated from the tournament with the loss. It was a frustrating loss, and an undeserved fate for Coach Warner's boys. The team completely outplayed South Florida from start to finish of the game, outshooting them 23-9. The only goal of the game came in the third period. It was the only time in the whole period that Florida had the ball past midfield, but they managed to score on a ten yard shot by Dan Gaffney, the Floridians leading scorer. Florida goalie Jerry Seifert played an outstanding game, making eleven saves.

The goal by Gaffney in the Florida game brought to a halt Dan Bowler's amazing unscored upon streak which had reached twenty-three quarters, during which he registered an impressive five straight shutouts and lowered his goal percentage to a stingy .545.

Beaten, but not outplayed by Pennsylvania in a mid-season game by a score of 2-0, the scrappy booters fought back to register a tie and five shutout wins over the second half of the season to gain their berth in the NCAA tournament.

The tie came in the game against the University of Maryland, defending NCAA co-champions. Again the team was completely dominating the game but found themselves behind 1-0 with the game rapidly coming to an end. Maryland had scored on a fluke goal by their scoring leader Rasin Tugberk, who is also one of the leading scorers in the nation. Again it was Casey Bahr who rose to the occasion as he has done so many other times in his brilliant career for Navy. Casey scored on a penalty kick from about twenty-five yards out, with a shot that was perfectly placed, and shot so hard that the deflecting hands of the Maryland goalie had no effect on the ball's path to the goal. Neither team could score in the overtime periods, and Navy had to settle for a tie in a game which they completely dominated and proved that they were the better team.

Three days after the Maryland game, Dan Bowler started his amazing shutout streak, by beating Penn State 5-0 in Navy only road game of the season. Youngsters provided Navy with most of its scoring punch in this game, with Ken Paul and Dave Ward scoring once each, and Bob Spahr registering two goals. The fifth goal was scored by Kevin Dolan, who also had an assist. Chuck Savage got one assist, and Tom Abernathy had two in the Penn State game.

On November 1st, Navy faced the previously undefeated West Chester College, and shut them out 2-0. In a tough, hard fought game, Tom Abernathy came through with both scores for Navy. Dan Bowler's streak reached three shutouts on the 8th, when the team whipped Swarthmore 4-0. The scoring for Navy was done by Casey Bahr, Tom Abernathy, Kevin Dolan, and Dave Ward.

George Washington was buried by Navy on the 12th by a six goal avalanche. Chuck Fitchet scored twice, while single tallies were chalked up by Doug Conklin,



Bob Tamburini moves the ball against Florida.



Several Navy players converge on the ball.

Bob Spahr, Dave Ward, and Tom Abernathy. Final score was 6-0.

On the 15th, Casey Bahr scored a "hat trick" for Navy. The other score in the 4-0 win over Georgetown was made by Len Supko. Youngster Nelson Goddard played the second half of the game in the nets for Navy to help the team to their fifth straight shutout. Some of the other players in this fine defense who have not received much recognition for their outstanding efforts are: Bob Tamburini, Doug Conklin, Ken Paul, Guy Hutchinson, Leo Hura, and Paul Raeder.

Next Saturday (the 22nd) Navy closes its season against Army in a home game on Ingram Field. Last year's game was a 1-1 tie, and the year before Navy won the game 4-3 with a goal in the last twenty-six seconds of the second overtime. This year's contest promises to be a very exciting match.



SUNDAY NIGHT!

**Barbara Putnam said safety belts
made her feel strapped in.**



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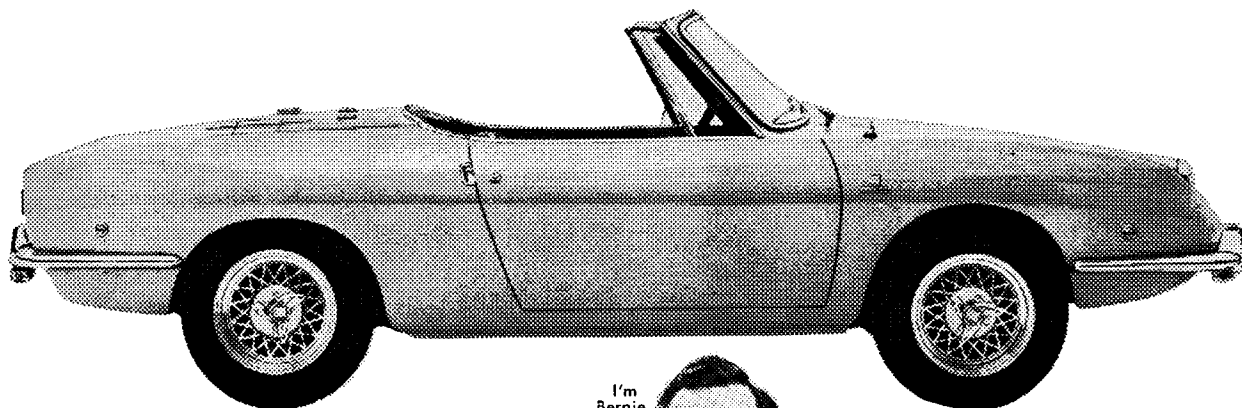


MYSTERY DRAG

OF THE WEEK



This being a super-duper super-sized LOG, we're throwing in (throwing up would be a better phrase) a Mystery Drag of the Week, in addition to Dan Ellison's Fortnightly Feature of a Paragon of Pulchritude. A result of rigorous screening of the products of the Yoogly Girl Factory located near Washington, with branches in all local (anything east of the Appalachians) high schools, this young lady was chosen because she is the epitome of blind drags. The contest included a talent contest and an essay on "Why I would Like to Date Smilin' George." She has been labeled a mystery drag because her picture was found pinned up in a swab shack in the eighth wing. If her identity isn't a mystery to someone, that person is advised to turn in his chit to the nearest batt. house (do not pass go, do not collect weekend money).



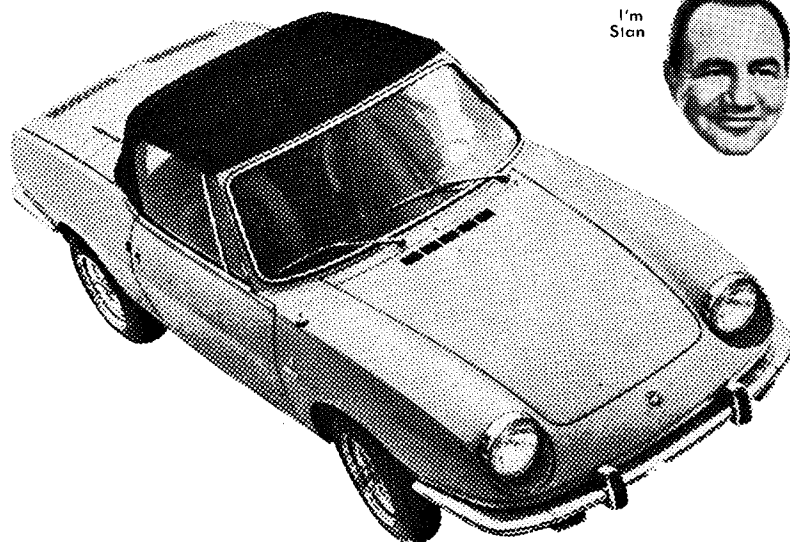
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Bernie



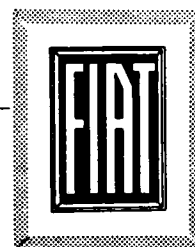
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